

SAMARA

JUNE, 1937



“SUCCESS IS NAUGHT: ENDEAVOUR'S ALL”

—*Browning*



ELMWOOD FACING BUENA VISTA ROAD



ELMWOOD FROM THE GROUNDS.



TENNIS AND ARCHERY

Elmwood

Rockcliffe Park

Ottawa



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EXCHANGES

We gratefully acknowledge receiving the following:—*In Between Times*, Upper Canada College; *St. Andrew's College Review*, Saint Andrew's College; *Trafalgar Echoes*, Trafalgar Institute; *St. Helen's School Magazine*, St. Helen's School; *The Ashburian*, Ashbury College; *B. C. S.*, Bishop's College School; *The Study Chronicle*, The Study; *Ovenden Chronicle*, Ovenden; *Edgehill Review*, Edgehill; *The Eagle*, Rupert's Land College; *The Branksome Slogan*, Branksome Hall; *The Pibroch*, Strathallan School.

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CORONATION CELEBRATIONS ON PARLIAMENT HILL, OTTAWA
MAY 12th, 1937



THEIR MAJESTIES KING GEORGE VI AND QUEEN ELIZABETH

CORONATION

*The glorious crown, all flaming
With myriad darts of light;
The trumpets loudly shrilling;
Great crowds to left and right
Acclaim him joyously;
"God save the King."*

*Thus through all the centuries
Of England's ancient pride,
Where the realm o'er foreign seas
Extended far and wide,
These words in triumph rang—
"God save the King."*

*So, mindful of a noble past,
Whose glory cannot die,
We answer to the trumpet blast
Words echoing to the sky:
"God save the King."*

*The Flag in all its glory,
Raised on a distant shore,
Now tells the same great story
As it told an age before.
The splendid tale of heroes,
Who lived and fought and died,—
So gallant, for their country's sake,
Their graves her pride.—
Fought for British liberty,
Died to give the world
Mercy, peace, and equity
Where 'ere her flag is furled.*

—A. BETHUNE.



THE KING

"To the ministry of Kingship, I have, with your sharing, dedicated myself." In these words King George VI expressed his conception of the charge laid upon him at his coronation.

DHEN Edward VIII abdicated, his brother, now the King, accepted the throne and all the responsibilities that lie behind it. With quiet courage he became King, knowing that the whole Empire was mourning the loss of a favorite monarch.

He was ready to give his life to his country, for he will never again have a moment which he can call his own. The happiest time of day was always that spent with his wife and children, but he has forfeited this quiet and comfortable life for one which entails endless service to his people, which will just be a continuation of the wonderful public work he has been doing for years.

As Duke of York, he became acquainted with all types of men, and he established boys' camps in an effort to teach boys from all classes to live together as good comrades. He has travelled around the world and is familiar with all parts of the Empire. His characteristics are very similar to those of his father, and he has Queen Mary's ability to remember facts and names.

So, although he has not had the customary intensive training of an heir-apparent, we are confident that he will perform his duties in true knightly manner—*sans peur et sans reproche*.

P. SPENDLOVE.



EDITORIAL

HIIS is a memorable year for the British Empire as it pays homage to a new King and Queen, and we join with all the millions of people of many races and tongues who stand beneath our Flag, in pledging our loyal and affectionate support, praying that they may be destined "Long to reign over us."

As the summer term draws rapidly to a close, the curtain falls on another very happy year at Elmwood. We have done our best to live up to her ideals, and her fine tradition of Service, and hope that we have contributed something worthwhile to her in return for all that she has given us.

We should like to propose a vote of thanks to the members of the Magazine Committee for their patient support, to Miss Martin for her help and guidance, and to everyone who has put anything in the little red box marked "Magazine Contributions."

The Advertising Staff are to be congratulated on their excellent work, the fruits of which appear at the end of this "Samara."



Condolences

The girls join with the mistresses in expressing their deepest sympathy with Nancy Martin in the loss of her father. We would also join with the Old Girls in offering our sincere sympathy to Moira Leathem, Sybil Doughty, and Mary Craig, who have lost their fathers, and to Marion Coolidge, whose mother has passed on.

School Notes

DE are proud to record that His Excellency, Lord Tweedsmuir, honoured us with a visit shortly before the Easter holidays. He made a tour of the school while we were in class, and said a few words to every form. He very kindly granted us a half-holiday which we greatly appreciated.

We are glad to announce that Dr. Mohr has offered a prize for the best essay on a Biblical character. We are very grateful to him, and hope that the entries will prove his interest justified.

The school has lost two very old friends this year, in Sir Arthur Doughty, who gave us some of our most treasured possessions in the library, and who took such a keen interest in all our activities, and Mrs. McKeand, who was a good friend and neighbour to Elmwood from its earliest days. The mistresses and girls join in expressing their deepest sympathy with Lady Doughty and Major McKeand.

It was with much regret that we said farewell last June to: Miss White, Miss Blackburn, Miss Booth, and Mrs. Murphy, and to Mademoiselle Bertheny just before Christmas. To our new friends: Miss May, Miss Eason, Mademoiselle Juge, Miss Powell, and Miss Roger, we give a hearty welcome, and hope that they have enjoyed their first year at Elmwood as much as we have. We were glad to have Miss Salmon with us again for a short while, and offer her our best wishes on the occasion of her marriage.

Every Wednesday afternoon has seen the cooking class hard at work in the kitchen; it has produced some very delicious dishes, plus a few burnt offerings.

On May 11, the day before the Coronation, Mrs. Buck conducted a service for the school. As was fitting, the assembly hall was decorated in red, white, and blue, with pictures of Their Majesties and Princess Elizabeth holding a prominent position on the stage. Elizabeth McClelland and Margaret Parkin read excerpts from the Coronation Service, and the school sang appropriate hymns, the National Anthems, and patriotic songs. Mrs. Buck spoke to us about the responsibilities of kingship, and the man who had so unexpectedly been called upon to bear them. She told us of his great qualities, strangely reminiscent of his father's, and of the unassuming way in which he has been working to bring about better conditions among the various classes of Great Britain.

We have received some very delightful additions to our library this year. They are as follows:—

A complete set of Hardy's works presented to us by Elizabeth, Eleanor, and Susan Kenny. An autographed copy of his most recent work, *La Salle*, presented by Mr. Bourinot. *The Oxford Book of Modern Verse*, *The Wonder Book of Wonders*, *The Wonder Book of Old and New*, *Something of Myself*, by Rudyard Kipling, G. K. Chesterton's *Autobiography*, *Green Mansions*, by W. H. Hudson, and *The Hundred Years*, by Philip Guedalla, all presented by

Mr. Fred White. An autographed copy of *Fowl and Fishy Rhymes* by K. A. Stanley and D. Freeman, presented by Miss D. Freeman. *Wild Flowers*, by Homer D. House, presented by Mrs. Daniels. *Elizabeth Fry*, by Laura E. Richards, presented by Patricia Galt, an autographed copy of her book, *Our Bit*, presented by Miss M. B. Clint, *King George VI*, by Taylor Darbyshire, and *Queen Elizabeth*, by Lady Cynthia Asquith, both presented by Elizabeth Hanson.

We are very grateful to our friends for these generous gifts, and we wish to express to them our sincere thanks and appreciation.

The school has added: *Salute the King*, by Arthur Mee, *The Man of the Renaissance*, by Ralph Roeder, *The England of Queen Anne*, by G. M. Trevelyan, *More Tales of Real Adventure*, by W. T. Hutchins, *The Sword of State*, by Susan Buchan, *Julius Caesar and The King's Grace*, by John Buchan, *Long Live the King*, by Eric Acland, *Lord Oxford was Shakespeare*, by Montague Douglas, *Young Fu*, by E. F. Lewis, *The Modern Reader's Bible*, by Moulton, *The Story of the Bible*, by Hendrik Van Loon, *The Bible Commentary*, by The Rev. J. R. Dummelow, *Fabre's Book of Insects*, *Nature Rambles: Autumn*, by Oliver P. Medsger, *The Black Arrow*, by R. L. Stevenson, *The Greatest Thing in the World*, by Henry Drummond.

The annual House Collections attained an excellent standard, and through them we were able to make life a little happier for some less fortunate than ourselves. After the merits of each collection had been carefully considered, Nightingale's was declared the best, and consequently that House received three red stars.

Earlier in the year, we made our usual collections for the Federated Charities, and for Poppy Day, and at present we are collecting for the Nasik Cot fund.

—K. B. W.

Last year's matriculation results were as follows:—abbreviations are: 1st, 1st class honours; 2nd, 2nd class honours; 3rd, 3rd class honours; C, credit; R, recommendation.

UPPER SCHOOL RESULTS

MIMI BOAL—French Authors, R; French Composition, R.

GENEVIEVE BRONSON—German Authors, 1st; German Composition, 1st.

ELEANOR CLARK—English Composition, C.; English Literature, 2nd; French Authors, 2nd; French Composition, 2nd.

ALISON COCHRANE—English Composition, 3rd; English Literature, 1st; Modern History, 1st.

MOIRA LEATHEM—German Authors, 1st; German Composition, 1st.

PEGGY McLAREN—English Composition, C; English Literature, R; Algebra, C; Trigonometry, C; French Authors, 3rd; French Composition, 2nd; German Authors, 1st; German Composition, 2nd.

MARIA PETRUCCI—French Authors, R; French Comp., 1st.

MIDDLE SCHOOL RESULTS

MIMI BOAL—Ancient History, 1st; Geometry, 1st; Physics, R; Chemistry, R; Latin Authors, 1st; Latin Composition, 1st; German Authors, R; German Composition, R.

GLENN BORBRIDGE—Ancient History, C; Algebra, 3rd; Geometry, C.

ELIZABETH BRYAN—English Composition, C; Canadian History, 2nd; Algebra, C.

ELEANOR CLARK—Algebra, 2nd; Latin Authors, 3rd; Latin Composition, R; French Composition, C; German Authors, 3rd; German Composition, C.

ROSEMARY CLARKE—Ancient History, 1st; Geometry, 1st; Latin Authors, C; Latin Composition, C; French Authors, R; French Composition, 2nd; German Authors, 3rd; German Composition, C.

HEATHER COLLINS—English Composition, C; French Composition, C.

BARBARA FELLOWES—English Composition, C; Geometry, 3rd; Physics, 3rd; Latin Authors, C; French Authors, C; French Composition, C.

SHIRLEY GELDERT—English Composition, C; English Literature, C; Canadian History, 3rd.

BETTY HAMILTON—Geometry, R; German Authors, R.

GERALDINE HANSON—English Composition, C; English Literature, C; Canadian History, 3rd; Algebra, R.

WINSOME HOOPER—English Composition, C; English Literature, R; Algebra, C; Canadian History, 2nd.

BARBARA HOPKIRK—English Composition, R; English Literature, R; French Authors, R; French Composition, 3rd.

DOROTHY LAIDLAW—Ancient History, R; Algebra, 3rd; Geometry, C; French Composition, C.

DOROTHY LEGGETT—Algebra, 2nd; Geometry, 1st; Latin Authors, C; French Authors, C; French Composition, C.

LOUISE MACBRIEN—English Composition, C; English Literature, R; Canadian History, R; Algebra, C.

MARJORIE MACKINNON—English Composition, C; English Literature, R; Canadian History, C.

HELEN MURDOCH—Canadian History, R; Chemistry, C; Latin Authors, C; French Authors, R; French Composition, C.

MONA MORROW—Canadian History, R; Latin Composition, C.

BARBARA McCLELLAND—English Literature, C; Algebra, C.

ELIZABETH McCLELLAND—Ancient History, R; Algebra, C; Latin Authors, 3rd; Latin Composition, R; French Authors, 3rd; French Composition, C.

MARGARET MARR—English Composition, 3rd; English Literature, R; Canadian History, R; Algebra, R; French Authors, 3rd; French Composition, 3rd.

MARGARET PARKIN—Geometry, R; Physics, R; Chemistry, R; Latin Authors, R; Latin Composition, R; French Authors, R; French Composition, R; German Authors, R; German Composition, 2nd.

MARIA PETRUCCI—Ancient History, R; Geometry, R; Latin Authors, 3rd.

PENELOPE SHERWOOD—English Composition, 3rd; English Literature, 2nd; Canadian History, 3rd.

PATRICIA SPENDLOVE—English Composition, 2nd; English Literature, 1st; Canadian History, C; Algebra, 2nd; French Authors, C; French Composition, 2nd.

CECILY SPARKS—Spanish Composition, R.

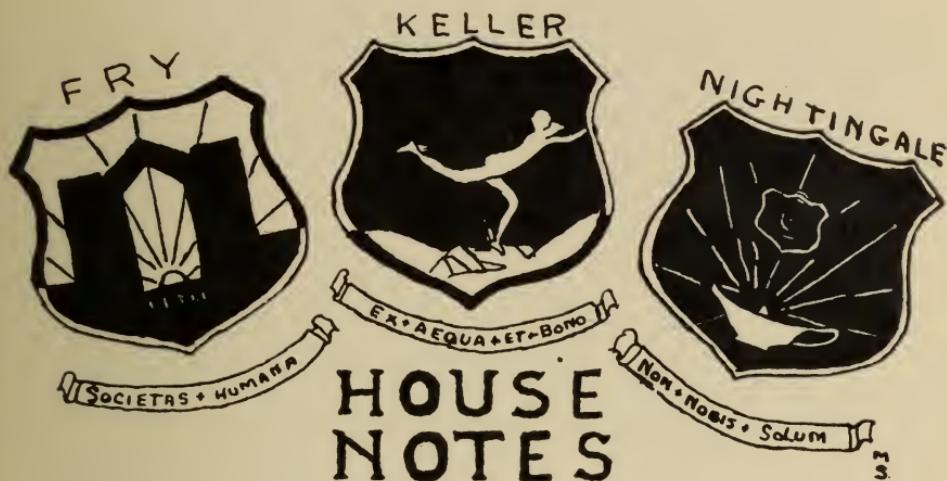
DOROTHY WARDLE—English Composition, R; English Literature, R; Canadian History C.; French Authors, C; French Composition, 2nd.

The following results were obtained in the McGill University Junior Matriculation examinations:—

ELIZABETH FLECK—English Literature, 62; English Composition, 57; Algebra, 65; Geometry, 61; French Grammar, 86; French Composition, 62; Chemistry, 64; Latin Composition, 67; Latin Sight, 63.

BEATRICE NORSWORTHY—Algebra, 50; Geometry, 61; French Grammar, 80; French Composition, 75; Physics, 70; Chemistry, 78.

MARY FRY—Algebra, 76; Geometry, 82; Music, 86.



NIGHTINGALE HOUSE NOTES

1936-1937

NAST year Nightingale succeeded in winning the House Shield after being behind until the last two weeks. This year, owing to many absentees, we are behind, but are hoping to repeat our success of last year.

We are very proud of Genevieve Bronson, who, as Head of Nightingale and Head Day Girl last year, won the highest award—the Summa Summarum. We should also like to congratulate her on winning the Public Speaking Medal and the Gold Medal for Music. Denny, as our leader, guided us through our most successful year, for besides winning the House Shield, we captured the Badminton and Sports Cups and the Basketball and Tennis Shields.

We should also like to congratulate other prize winners of last year.

They are as follows:—

Ethel Southam—Award for High Endeavour. Cecily Sparks—Dramatic Art. Jacqueline Vernon—Improvement Medal. Patricia Murphy—Posture Girdle.

In the School Tennis Tournament we were very successful—four of our members having won matches:—Ethel Southam and Betty Fleck (Fry), Senior Doubles; Shirley Geldert, Intermediate Singles; Winsome Hooper and Penelope Duguid, Intermediate Doubles.

Congratulations are also due to Shirley Geldert and Mary Paterson, the former for being on the School Tennis Team this year and the latter for winning a posture girdle last Christmas.

This Christmas we repeated our success of last year by winning in the collection of clothing, food and toys for the poor children. Good work, Nightingalites!

We are hoping to win the Basketball Shield again this year. Shirley Geldert as our Games captain and Gerry Hanson as vice have inspired our teams with their great enthusiasm.

The Basketball teams are as follows:—

1st Team:—Shirley Geldert, Clara May Gibson, Gerry Hanson, Winsome Hooper, Marion Monk, Dorothy Wardle.

2nd Team:—Anne Bethune, Margaret Gerard, Ailsa Mathewson, Mary Paterson, Rita Rich.

The Badminton team:—

Shirley Geldert, Ailsa Mathewson, Margaret Gerard, Winsome Hooper.

Pen. Duguid left us in the middle of April, going with a party of private school girls to the Coronation. We all join in wishing her a wonderful time abroad.

To the members of Nightingale who are leaving this year, we wish joy in the future, and to those who are returning—we hope that they will carry our motto high—“*Not for ourselves alone.*”

The members of Nightingale are:

WINSOME HOOPER	<i>Head of House</i>
SHIRLEY GELDERT	<i>Monitor</i>
DOROTHY WARDLE	<i>Monitor</i>
CLARA MAY GIBSON	<i>Counsellor Term I and II</i>
GERALDINE HANSON	<i>Counsellor Term I</i>

Anne Bethune, Suzette Bourinot, Ogden Blackburn, Penelope Duguid, Pamela Booth, Jane Edwards, Elizabeth Edwards, Margaret Gerard, Ailsa Mathewson, Nancy Martin, Marion Monk, Rita Rich, Joyce Tetley.

Mistresses—Miss Beckwith, Miss Heney, Miss May, Miss Neal.



KELLER HOUSE NOTES

KLAST year we did not quite succeed in winning the House Shield, but are determined to put our name on it once again this year. Let's make sure we do it, Keller!

At closing of last year the following members of Keller won distinction:—

MOIRA LEATHEM	<i>Proficiency Medal</i>
ALISON COCHRANE	<i>High Endeavour Award</i>
ELIZABETH McCLELLAND	<i>Silver Music Medal</i>
PATRICIA SPENDLOVE	<i>Special Music Prize</i>
MARIA PETRUCCI	<i>Art Prize</i>
BARBARA WHITLEY (Second time)	<i>Short Story Medal</i>
ELEANOR CARSON	<i>Speech Prize</i>
MURIEL CROCKET	<i>Senior Sports Cup</i>
MURIEL CROCKET	<i>Long Jump Cup</i>
ALISON COCHRANE	<i>Posture Girdle</i>



THE SCHOOL MONITORS

TOP—*Glenn Borbridge*

BOTTOM—*Shirley Geldert, Dorothy Wardle, Patricia Spendlove.*



PREFECTS AND HOUSE SENIORS

TOP—*Marjorie McKinnon, Kathleen Warner, Barbara McClelland.*

BOTTOM—*Winsome Hooper, Elizabeth McClelland, Margaret Parkin.*



COUNSELLORS—SECOND TERM

TOP—*Janet Fleck, Peggy Marr, Patricia Milliken.*
BOTTOM—*Genevieve Inglis, Clara May Gibson, Peggy Clark.*



HOUSE PREFECTS

Winsome Hooper (Nightingale); Elizabeth McClelland (Keller); Margaret Parkin (Fry).



COUNSELLORS—FIRST TERM

TOP—*Geraldine Hanson, Dorothy Wardle.*
BOTTOM—*Genevieve Inglis, Clara May Gibson, Peggy Clark.*

We are proud to have such a distinctive list of prize winners, and offer them our heartiest congratulations.

Our Badminton results are greatly improved as compared with those of former years. Much credit is due to Mary MacFarlane, who is a brilliant player. The Basketball matches have not been played yet, but we hope to win back the Basketball Cup, after having lost it to Nightingale last year. Elizabeth McClelland is Sports captain, and Pat Spendlove is her Vice.

Our collections for the poor at Christmas, although very generous, did not quite reach the standard set by Nightingale.

At Christmas we were very sorry to lose Pamela Mathewson, who was unable to return owing to ill health. Maria Petrucci also left us shortly before Easter. She has gone to live in Persia for several years, and we wish her the best of luck out there. Both these girls were officers and contributed a great many red stars to the house board.

We welcome the newcomers to our house and hope they will live up to its ideals. To those who are leaving we wish the best of everything in the future.

The House Teams:

BASKETBALL

FIRST TEAM: P. Clark, M. Petrucci, (*centres*); M. MacFarlane, P. Spendlove, *guards*; P. Milliken, E. McClelland, *shots*.

SECOND TEAM: S. Edwards, N. Lane, *centres*; B. Black, C. WILSON, *guards*; G. Douglas, P. Mathewson, *shots*.

BADMINTON

First Singles, M. MacFarlane; *Second Singles*, L. MacBrien; *Third Singles*, P. Clark; *First Doubles*, M. MacFarlane, L. MacBrien, *Second Doubles*, P. Clark, P. Milliken.

Members of the house this year:—

ELIZABETH McCLELLAND.....	<i>Head Girl and House Prefect</i>
LOUISE MACBRIEN.....	<i>House Senior</i>
PAMELA MATHEWSON.....	<i>House Senior</i>
PATRICIA SPENDLOVE.....	<i>Monitor</i>
MARIA PETRUCCI.....	<i>Monitor</i>
PATRICIA MILLIKEN.....	<i>Representative Term II</i>
PEGGY CLARK.....	<i>Representative Terms I and II</i>

Beatrice Black, Winifred Cross, Nancy Doane, Gaye Douglas, Susan Edwards, Jessie Gilmour, Nancy Lane, Mary MacFarlane, Clair Perley-Robertson, Jane Smith, Sarah Wallace, Claire Wilson.

Mistresses—Miss Rosier, Miss Adams, Miss Eason, Mademoiselle Juge.

FRY HOUSE NOTES

FRY has not won the House Shield for many years now, but we are trying hard, and at the moment are leading by one star. Keep it up, Fry; we must win the shield this year!

Members of Fry won many of the prizes at the Closing last year. We should like to take this opportunity to congratulate them on their great achievements.

<i>Philpot Token</i>	MARJORIE MCKINNON
<i>Junior High Endeavour</i>	MACKIE EDWARDS
<i>House Award</i>	MIMI BOAL
<i>History Prize</i>	MIMI BOAL (presented by Sir Arthur Doughty)
<i>Physical training medal</i>	DOROTHY LAIDLAW (presented by Mrs. E. F. Fauquier)
<i>Writing Prize</i>	ANNA WILSON (presented by Major McKeand)
<i>Voice Production</i>	PATRICIA GALT
<i>Short Story Contest</i> (honourable mention)	KATHLEEN WARNER BARBARA HOPKIRK
<i>Junior Sports Cup</i>	B. B. FRASER
<i>Posture Girdles</i>	MIMI BOAL PATRICIA GALT BARBARA HOPKIRK
<i>Senior Tennis Singles</i>	BETTY FLECK
<i>Senior Tennis Doubles</i>	BETTY FLECK ETHEL SOUTHAM (Nightingale)

At the Christmas party this year the Fry play, "*The Knave of Hearts*," won first place. We should like to thank the Fry mistresses for all the assistance they gave us, both with the play and with the House Collections. Although our contributions for the collections for the poor were very generous they did not reach the same standard as Nightingale's.

We were not very successful in House Sports last year, but we are trying to do better this year in badminton, basketball and tennis. Unfortunately the hockey matches were not completed. Barbara McClelland is our energetic and enthusiastic Games Captain, with Marjorie McKinnon as her able vice-captain.

The following are the members of the teams:

BASKETBALL

FIRST: Janet Fleck (*Forward*); Barbara McClelland (*Forward*); Glenn Borbridge (*Guard*); Kay Warner (*Guard*); G. Inglis (*Centre*); J. Daniels (*Centre*).

SECOND: M. McColl (*Forward*); G. Vaughan (*Forward*); D. Saunders (*Guard*); M. McKinnon (*Guard*); M. Parkin (*Centre*); M. Edwards (*Centre*).

BADMINTON

First Doubles—Janet Fleck, G. Inglis; *Second Doubles*—Peggy Marr, Joan Daniels; *First Singles*—Janet Fleck; *Second Singles*—G. Inglis; *Third Singles*—P. Marr.

TENNIS

First Doubles—Janet Fleck, Joan Daniels; *Second Doubles*—G. Inglis, B. McClelland; *First Singles*—Janet Fleck; *Second Singles*—Joan Daniels; *Third Singles*—G. Inglis.

HOCKEY

Barb McClelland (*Goal-keeper*); J. Fleck, G. Borbridge, P. Marr, Mary McColl, G. Inglis (*Forwards*).

We were proud to have one member of Fry, Janet Fleck, on the school tennis team which succeeded in winning the interscholastic tennis championship in the fall.

At Christmas this year several members of Fry won Posture Girdles: Kay Warner, Barbara McClelland, G. Inglis and Susan Kenny.

We were very sorry to lose Mademoiselle Bertheny who left us after Christmas because of ill-health. We should like to welcome Miss Salmon who is taking her place.

We welcome all the new girls to Fry and hope they will do their best to uphold its traditions; to those who are leaving we give our sincere good wishes for the future.

Members of Fry are:

MARGARET PARKIN.....	<i>House Prefect</i>
KATHLEEN WARNER.....	<i>House Senior</i>
MARJORIE MCKINNON.....	<i>House Senior</i>
BARBARA MCCLELLAND.....	<i>House Senior</i>
GLENN BORBRIDGE.....	<i>Monitor</i>
GENEVIEVE INGLIS.....	<i>Representative Terms I and II</i>
JANET FLECK.....	<i>Representative Term II</i>
PEGGY MARR.....	<i>Representative Term II</i>

Barbara Hopkirk, Nancy Riley, Mary McColl, Gloria Vaughan, Diana Saunders, Joan Daniels, Mackie Edwards, Norah Lewis, Susan Kenny, Barbara Gilbert, Ann Perley-Robertson.

Mistresses: Miss Mills, Miss Martin, Miss Salmon.

THE LADY OF THE LAMP

*Through the misty night she comes as ever,
 Carrying her glowing lamp, that faileth never,
 And like an angel she passes by,
 Out of the barracks into the moonlit or cloudy sky,
 Mystic, beautiful as she is kind,
 Healing the wounded, and making happy the blind.
 Each kisses her shadow as it lightly disappears,
 And all remember through the passing years,
 "The Lady Of The Lamp."*

—SUZETTE BOURINOT.

**THE STREAM**

*The stream goes running by our house,
 To turn the water wheel,
 And talking quickly as it goes,
 To help us make our meal.*

*It sparkles brightly as it flows,
 To join the calmest lake,
 And never takes a little nap,
 In case it would be late.*

—JANE EDWARDS, AGE 13.

**ON THE ROCKS OF CAPE ELIZABETH**

*On the rocks of Cape Elizabeth
 On a cool and star-lit night,
 The moon looks down upon us
 As we look up to its light.
 We look far out upon the waves
 When roaring they come to their rocky caves,
 The sea-gulls fly up in the sky
 As the sailing yachts go skimming by.
 The life-buoy makes its moaning roar
 As the greeny foam breaks on the shore.
 The light house flashes over the wavy sea
 As the cold sea breeze howls noisily..*

SARAH E. WALLACE, AGE 13

Prefect Notes

ELIZABETH McCLELLAND.—

*"Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both her sides."*

Although Head Girl, Head of Keller and Sports Captain, Liz still finds time to do a little studying. Liz has ably filled her numerous positions and has done much in rousing in the girls a keen school spirit and enthusiasm in sports. Her chief source of worry is the gradual decline in the number of Kellerites, but nothing will daunt her confidence in Keller's ability to reach the top. She dotes on Lincoln-Zephyrs, Chanel perfume and Calay soap, and is addicted to sneezing and to eating poached eggs. Liz has an ambition, but it's a secret—even to herself. Her immediate future, at least, is secure for she is going to be one of next year's Toronto debs.



MARGARET PARKIN.—*"Say from whence you owe this strange intelligence."* Parkie, our smiling scholastic prodigy, is trying only nine Senior matic. subjects—she wants to leave three for next year. As Head of Fry, she has performed her task admirably, as is shown by the fact that Fry is so far leading in red stars. Having recently reached "Sweet Sixteen" she is now terrifying Rockcliffe residents with her exploits at the driving wheel. Her pet aversions are rainy days (which are bad for the curls) and German vocabs., but she does like blowing people up—in the lab. Her ambition is to be a scientist, and we'll probably hear of her trying to disprove Newton's Law of Gravity; that is, if Einstein's effort fails.



WINSOME HOOPER.—*"I chatter, chatter as I go."* As Head of Nightingale, Whoop is having a little trouble in keeping her chickens in order (being a chicken herself). Nightingale has almost a clean bill as far as black marks are concerned, which speaks well for her capable leadership. In spite of this, however, she seems to have a guilty conscience, for every Friday she resolves to reform on Monday. But ! Winsome very appropriately and ably took the part of Florence Nightingale in the Senior Dramatic play, "The Lady With a Lamp". She dotes on "Ginger", powder puffs and bows in her hair. Her ambitions are to be a mannequin or a tennis champ, but instead you will probably find her performing as a ball boy on the tennis courts.





KAY WARNER.—“*I trust I may speak and speak I will.*” Our capable editor of “Samara” has put her elocution lessons to use by her frequent pleas to, “Please write something for the mag.” We all want to thank her for the time and the hard work that she has devoted to its completion. She is the only one of us who represents the Arts Form, but she assures us that she is preparing to take her London Matric. next year. Kay lives in New York during the winter, but sails for England as soon after the closing as possible. Tea-drinking is the only English habit from which she does not suffer; instead she prefers Canadian milk or aqua pura. Her ambition is to go on the stage, but we’ll probably hear of her as a stage hand or as an extra in a mob scene.



MARJORIE MCKINNON.—“*Eat, drink, and be merry.*” Mac is one of Parkie’s able lieutenants in Fry. Her school day begins with the inspection of the preparatory forms, and dinnertime finds her looking round with an eagle eye for forgetful waitresses. She is hoping to complete her Junior Matric and to have next year free to explore the mysteries of cooking, and to learn how to wield a needle. She has just obtained her driving license and spends her free time chauffeuring the Day Girls around town. Marjory, too, is ambitious to go on the stage, and we’ll be interested to know who reaches the top first, she or Kay.



BARBARA McCLELLAND.—“*Oh this learning! What a thing it is.*” Not content to remain a Monitor, Barb has recently joined our ranks as a House-Senior. As Fry’s hard-working games captain, she is trying to lead the house to victory. She is fond of all sports, but riding is her forte. She loves to watch Parkie experimenting in the lab. on Tuesday afternoons. Her ambition is to be a nurse, but ten years hence you will probably find her bathing her own children in a truly professional manner.

LOUISE MACBRIEN.—“*I draw girls' faces on my copy books.*” Lou is Keller's only House-Senior and has been a great help to Liz. As a result of ill-health, Lou has had a very badly interrupted year. She is the artist of our group and intends someday to improve her talent at a commercial art school. She is most painstaking about her writing, yet it is nearly always illegible. It must be your artistic temperament, Lou! Her passions are varied, ranging from shorts to horses, but her Scotty, Judy, seems to have the tightest hold on her heart at present.

PAMELA MATHEWSON.—“*Nature Flowed and next to Nature, Art.*” Unfortunately Pam's term as a House-Senior was very short, owing to illness. After Christmas she went down South to escape the chills of winter. Judging from the monologues with which she used to entertain us, we predict that she will be a second Ruth Draper. Pam is never so happy as when she is astride her horse, “Blackie,” and we hope she has the best of luck in any horseshow that she may enter.



SAD SONG OF A HOUSE COUNSELLOR

*Ah, it's sad I am and dreary,
Always on bath duty weary,
Chasing people up to bed.
How I wish I'd never said,
“I will do it for you, deary.”*

*Half past eight, and I'm on duty,
Helping others get their beauty
Sleep, and wearing out my feet.
Don't tell me it's any treat.
(There's no other rhyme but “Cutie”!)*

*Oh, where are those Golden Morners?
They of bells were always scorners.
Now I have to climb the stairs,
Drag Matrickers from their lairs
In mysterious nooks and corners.*

*And I'd like to make a query,
For I think it's simply eerie
That it always is my lot
To find the water far from hot,—
Makes me feel most awfully teary.*

—M.F.M.

SPORT NOTES

IT was with great regret that we said good-bye to Miss Blackburn at the close of last year, but we welcomed Miss Powell with much enthusiasm in September, and we want to thank her for helping us in our various sports. She has given much of her time and many helpful suggestions for which we are all grateful.

SPORTS DAY

Our Sports Day last year was a great success. Apart from a temperature which soared to unknown heights, and a few mosquitoes, we all enjoyed ourselves immensely, both watching and taking part in the various races. After a good deal of hard work, the Inter-House Sports Cup was won by Nightingale.

Other cups were won by the following:

<i>Senior Champion</i>	MURIEL CROCKET
<i>Intermediate Champion</i>	SHIRLEY GELDERT
<i>Junior Champion</i>	B. B. FRASER
<i>Primary Cup</i>	BARBARA HOWE and BARBARA SOPER
<i>Long Jump</i>	MURIEL CROCKET

The Tug of War was won by Keller and the Relay Race by Nightingale.

BASKETBALL

We started the year's basketball with great enthusiasm and many resolutions to make this our best year and to improve our play. Thanks to Miss Powell's giving us practices at York School during the winter months, we feel that we have improved quite a lot.

The First Team played Ottawa Ladies' College in their gym one afternoon last autumn, and we are glad to say that after a hard struggle we were successful. The First Team also went to Kingston where we played Hatfield Hall, Cobourg, in the Queen's University Gym. It was a very exciting game with Hatfield victorious 28-27.

We played half of the Inter-House matches in September, and hope to complete them very soon. Nightingale won the House Basketball Cup last year.



HOCKEY

The rink was very popular this year and enterprising skaters could be found on it in all spare moments. The school hockey team played three matches against the Old Girls and won two games and tied one. Inter-House hockey matches were begun later in the season, but owing to unfavourable weather were not completed. We hope there will be more hockey than ever next year.

GYM AND DANCING

The gym classes each week have been greatly enjoyed by the "gymmers" and at the Drill Competition, the audience was entertained by a display of vaulting, rope climbing and work on the rings.

Everyone has been most enthusiastic about the dancing this year, and we all hope we have improved in our work. We welcomed Miss Eason this Fall and we would like to thank her, too, for making our classes so interesting. On May 11, we had our Annual Recital. Unfortunately, owing to bad colds, some of the girls were unable to participate and Miss Eason nobly filled their places, which, of course, greatly added to the performance.

The Drill Competition this year was most successful. The groups had been trained by Miss Powell, but on the afternoon of the competition each class was led by one of the girls. We all anxiously waited for our judge, Mr. Buck, to name the winners, who were the Sixth Forms.

Posture girdles have been awarded during the year to: K. Warner, L. MacBrien, B. McClelland, P. Spendlove, G. Inglis, P. Clark, S. Kenny, M. Paterson. Last June A. Cochrane, M. Boal, P. Galt, B. Hopkirk and P. Murphy also won their girdles.

BADMINTON

This sport has been greatly enjoyed this year and we have just completed the Inter-House matches. After some excellent games Nightingale proved victorious once again.

MISCELLANEOUS ACTIVITIES

In the autumn Major Chapman again conducted his Archery classes. He had several new pupils who made very good progress.

Riding plays an important part amongst the girls, and although during the winter months there was none, autumn and spring days have found many enthusiastic horsewomen.

TENNIS

Tennis is still a favourite sport at Elmwood and everyone is very keen. The courts are continually in use whenever the weather permits.

We all want to thank and congratulate the School Tennis Team for winning the Inter-Scholastic Tennis Shield last Fall. They played some very interesting games and in the last match defeated Lisgar 3-0.

BASKETBALL TEAM CRITICISMS

PAT SPENDLOVE—Pat was a very strong member of our team this season—playing side centre. She is very steady and fast, and passes well.

VIEVE INGLIS—Vieve has played splendidly throughout the season. She is quick on her feet, and a good shot, too. She played centre for us this year, and got along very well indeed.

JANET FLECK—Janet can put *any* ball in *any* basket from *anywhere* when she feels like it, but the trouble is that sometimes she—just doesn't feel like it!

ELIZABETH McCLELLAND (Captain)—Elizabeth played shot with Janet. She is very steady, and certainly an asset to our team.

MARY MACFARLANE—Mary is a very strong guard, very active, and has done much to keep our opponents' scores down.

GLENN BORBRIDGE—Glenn played defence with Mary this season, and really did very well at guarding our basket.



THE SEASONS

(1)

*First comes the Spring, with soft fresh rain
That makes the flowers bloom again;
The trees' leaves and the grass appear,
The robins from the South fly near.*

(2)

*Next comes the summer, warm and bright,
In tennis and swimming we delight,
And then to camp we laughing go,
To learn to dive and arch and row.*

(3)

*With Autumn we are back at school
To study hard and keep the rule.
The coloured leaves are falling fast—
And we prepare for the coming blast.*

(4)

*When Winter's snow and ice are here,
The children ski and skate and cheer.
The wind, he whistles through the trees,
And the poor people huddle and almost freeze.*

—MARY PATERSON, AGE 12.



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

TOP—Janet Fleck, Mary MacFarlane, Glenn Borbridge, Kathleen Warner.

MIDDLE—Genevieve Inglis, Elizabeth McClelland (Capt.), Patricia Spendlove.

BOTTOM—Peggy Clark, Dorothy Wardle.



SENIOR TENNIS TEAM

TOP—Janet Fleck, Mary MacFarlane.

BOTTOM—Elizabeth McClelland (Capt.) Shirley Geldert.



SCHOOL CALENDAR

TERM I

September 15th.—School re-opened.

October 11th.—Thanksgiving week-end. School holiday.

October 19th and 20th.—Mr. Percy Allen's lectures on the Shakespearean Age.

October 29th.—First open Toc H meeting under leadership of Major Hepburn.

October 30th.—School Hallowe'en Party.

November 8th.—Major McKeand's talk on "The Armistice."

November 21st.—Basketball match between Hatfield and Elmwood. Hatfield won.

December 18th.—School Christmas party and House Plays.

December 19th.—Christmas holidays.

January 7th.—School re-opened.

January 13th.—Miss Patty Pryce entertained us with songs and elocution.

January 29th.—Free day.

January 29th.—Edward Toll's illustrated lecture on "Hitch Hiking Around the World."

TERM II

February 1st.—Beginning of second term.

February 6th.—Hockey match between the School and Old Girls.

February 13th.—Hockey match between the School and Old Girls.

February 27th.—Hockey match between the School and Old Girls.

February 26th.—Miss Holden's talk on the Nasik hospital in India.

March 3rd.—Col. Steele and Mr. Fraser presented the Inter-Scholastic Tennis Shield to the School.

March 5th.—His Excellency, Lord Tweedsmuir, inspected the School.

March 9th.—Half-holiday given by Lord Tweedsmuir.

March 19th.—Senior Dramatic performance: "As You Like It," "The Lady with a Lamp," "Prometheus Bound."

March 24th.—Easter holidays.

April 6th.—School re-opened.

April 22nd.—Mr. Laurie's talk and movies about the Bell Telephone.

April 12th.—Form Drill Competition.

May 3rd.—Fry House Day.

May 4th.—Mrs. Edwards' talk on Toc H.

May 8th.—Toc H play, "The Playgoers", and tea.

May 11th.—Coronation Service at School.

May 11th.—Dancing recital and Junior play.

May 12th.—School closed in honour of the Coronation of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth.

May 17th.—Nightingale House Day.

May 21st.—Keller House Day.

May 24th.—School holiday.

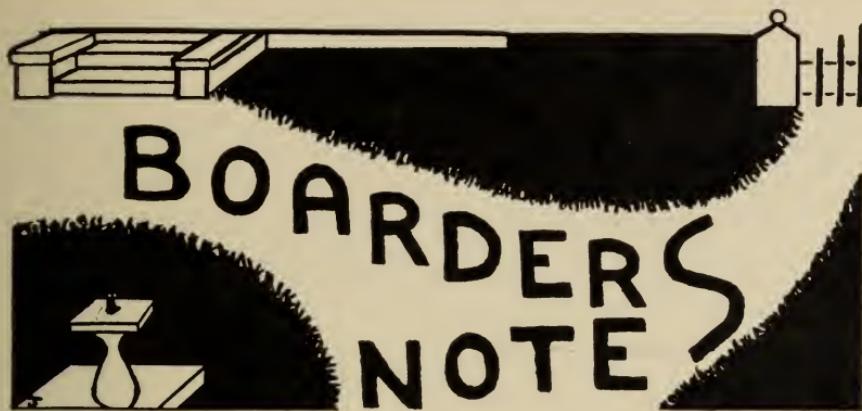
May 26th.—Beginning of final examinations.

June 7th.—Sports day.

June 8th.—School closing.

—MARJORIE MACKINNON.





WHEN we returned in September, we were all very glad to welcome Elizabeth McClelland as our head girl. Being the only prefect in the house, she had a big responsibility, and I am sure that we all feel that she has filled her position exceedingly well.

The first outing we had this year was a trip to Wakefield, and for once, it actually did not rain! We all found that Wakefield really looked quite different by sunlight.

Before Christmas, Mrs. Buck granted us some very generous privileges. All boarders in the sixth form who are seventeen or over are now allowed to go for walks in restricted parts of Rockcliffe alone, that is, unaccompanied by a Mistress. Also the period between 3.30 and 5.30 p.m. we are allowed to have as free time, in which we can do anything we choose. Our Sunday afternoons are also free, with no set times for anything, except tea, and for that, everyone turns up punctually!

The last Sunday before breaking up at Christmas, we all went down to Mrs. Buck's house to sing carols, and as always, it was a most enjoyable evening. Mr. Buck again made records of our singing, in spite of previous failures. They were considerably better, but our voices still are, I am afraid, rather weak on a gramaphone record.

After the holidays we all came back with our skis, and high hopes of at last conquering the difficult turns. But alas, we were sorely disappointed, for no snow suitable for ski-ing even appeared! We waited and waited, and finally it came; but only a few of us were able to enjoy it, as it only lasted for two days. And that, I am afraid, was the extent of our ski-ing.

As we were unable to ski, we took up skating very seriously. Thanks to Miss Powell, we were able to play hockey nearly every day, and we really became quite expert. Once or twice on Saturday afternoons, we took the gramaphone down to the rink, and had waltzing and ten-stepping sessions!

We attended the Minto Follies again this year, and thought that they far surpassed all previous carnivals. Cecilia Colledge and Evelyn Chandler won our hearts, and the Coronation court was very beautiful, and most appropriate. We had only one boarder in the Follies, Joyce Tetley, and we were very proud of her indeed.

This year, many senior boarders have been interested in the Toc H. movement, and we have our own Circle of the Lamp at school. A further account of the Circle's activity will be found on another page of this Samara.

After Christmas, our two lounges were practically transformed. The dull brown wicker chairs were painted green and orange, and were covered in very attractive new chintz. New rugs and curtains also appeared. Our lounges are really very attractive now, and we should like to thank Mrs. Buck most warmly.

Again we have been very fortunate in the generous treats we have received from friends of the school. We should like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Warner, and Mrs. Kenny, who treated us to movies, and to tea in the Château cafeteria. And Mrs. Fleck, who so kindly took us to the Ontario Badminton Championship finals. On the holiday that Lord Tweedsmuir gave us, we had a lovely time, for Mrs. Southam took us all to a movie, and then back to her home for tea. Mrs. Wardle entertained the senior boarders at a swimming and tea party at the Château, which was greatly appreciated, as it was our only swim this winter. Mrs. Parkin very kindly entertained the Fry House girls at her home for tea, early in the year. We look forward to a treat that is still in store for us—an afternoon at the lovely home of Mrs. C. M. Edwards.

Coronation day, as far as the boarders were concerned, was an immense success. There are six radios in the house, which were dotted around in the halls and lounges, so that we could all lie in bed, and listen to the Coronation ceremony in comfort! Just before it began, hot tea, and bread and butter were brought around to sustain us. After the broadcast, we all went to Parliament Hill, to watch the parade, which was indeed a very colourful spectacle. In the afternoon we listened to the Empire's homage and the King's speech over the radio, and then went to the Wayside Inn for tea. In the evening, we again went to Parliament Hill, to watch the fire-works. Just as we got there it began to rain, which was most unfortunate for the crowd, but it did not bother us a bit, as our bus was parked in the grounds, and we could sit in it, and see the whole performance.

But before ending, we would like to thank Mrs. Buck and all members of the staff, who have helped to make this such a happy and enjoyable year for the boarders, and we hope that they will all have a wonderful summer holiday.

Further details of our activities will be found in the Boarders' calendar on the following page.

THE BOARDERS' CALENDAR

TERM I

September 18th.—A group of boarders went to a Toc H meeting.

September 19th.—We went to Wakefield for the afternoon.

September 23rd.—A group of us went to the San Carlo Opera Co.'s presentation of *Martha*.

September 26th.—We all went to McLean's Mountain Lodge for tea.

October 7th.—We heard the Ottawa Pageant Choir sing "St. Paul."

October 27th.—1st Tremblay concert, the Toronto Symphony Orchestra.

October 29th.—A group of seniors went to an L.W.H. meeting.

October 30th.—Hallowe'en Party.

November 7th.—All the boarders went to Wakefield for tea.

November 11th.—Armistice holiday.

November 13th.—Boarders went to the Horse Show.

November 19th.—Circle of the Lamp had an open meeting with Major Hepburn as the guest-speaker.

November 24th.—Several boarders went to see Ruth Draper.

November 26th.—A group of Junior boarders went to hear the Don Cossacks.

December 16th.—The Ashbury plays at the Little Theatre.

December 17th.—Christmas party.

TERM II

January 16th.—Boarders were taken to see "Lloyds of London."

January 22nd.—United and Presbyterian Church girls went to see the Toll Brothers' travelogue at Chalmers Church.

February 1st.—A group of boarders went to hear the pianist, Rudolf Serkin.

February 4th.—Circle of the Lamp had an open meeting and Mr. Jackson was the guest-speaker.

February 6th.—Boarders were taken to see "Rembrandt".

February 7th.—Went ski-ing for first time at McKay Lake.

February 13th.—All the boarders were taken to the Ontario badminton championships, through the kindness of Mrs. Fleck.

February 16th.—A few of the seniors went to a debate at the House of Commons.

February 24th.—A group went to hear the violinist, Enesco.

February 27th.—Mrs. Kenny very kindly took all the boarders to see “One in a Million”, and then to tea at the Chateau Cafeteria.

March 2nd.—A few girls went to hear the pianist, Charles Fuller.

March 4th.—Tremblay Concert: Lily Pons.

March 6th.—Senior Dramatic class went to see a play at the Little Theatre, called “From 9 till 6”, in which Miss Eason acted.

March 9th.—Mrs. Southam took all the boarders to see “Green Light”, and then back to her home for tea.

March 13th.—The Minto Follies.

March 14th.—We all went to see the dress rehearsal of the Opera, “Orpheus”, at the Little Theatre.

March 20th.—Mr. and Mrs. Warner generously took all the boarders to see “On the Avenue”, and then for tea at the Château Cafeteria.

March 21st.—The Ottawa Pageant Choir’s Passiontide service at Christ Church Cathedral.

April 17th.—Mrs. Wardle invited all the senior boarders to a swimming and tea party at the Château.

April 30th.—Miss Halliday asked all the boarders to attend the Camp Oconto Reunion at the Chelsea Club.

May 12th.—Boarders all went to Parliament Hill in the morning; The Wayside Inn for tea in the afternoon; and again to Parliament Hill in the evening to watch the fire works.

June 5th.—All the boarders spent the afternoon at the summer home of Mrs. C. M. Edwards.

LECTURE NOTES

ELWOOD has had the opportunity of hearing some very interesting and varied lectures during the school year. We are always very grateful to all those who so generously come to speak to us.

In October we were fascinated by two most interesting and stimulating addresses by Mr. Percy Allen, the noted English dramatic critic and Vice-president of the Shakespearean Fellowship. On the 19th, Mr. Allen spoke to us on the Court of Queen Elizabeth; he made us realise, perhaps for the first time, how strong and varied the personality of the Great Queen was. By her changeability and completely unfathomable nature she dominated the whole court—and that court one of the most brilliant in the history of the whole world; she was now Juliet, now Olivia, now Portia, and served to inspire many of the courtly writers of the day, among them the Earl of Oxford. The next day Mr. Allen spoke to us on the theory that the Earl had written the plays of Shakespeare, taking the Queen as his model for many of his characters. His charm of manner and complete grasp of his subject made the discussion most interesting, and certainly stimulated thought on a very controversial subject.

We always look forward with great pleasure to Major McKeands' annual Armistice Day talks. He came this year on November 6, and told us about the Poppy Day Campaign and the work of the Vetcraft Association.

Miss Patty Price, mimic, humourist, composer, poet, author and interpreter from South Africa, gave us a delightful lecture-recital, illustrated with slides, on January 13. Her program included sketches by A. A. Milne and Kenneth Graham, "Her Little Shoes" by Arthur Bourinot, Native African songs, and child-sketches of her own about the "Afrikaner Little Boy."

On January 29, Ellsworth Toll described, with beautiful lantern slides, the trip he and his brother took around the world. They hitch-hiked, worked on a cattle-boat on the Atlantic, on a Pacific trampsteamer, bicycled through Europe, rode camels in Egypt and freight trains in the United States. Their trip took one year; they visited twenty-seven countries, and their transportation bill was seventy-five dollars each.

Miss Holden spoke to us on February 26, about the splendid work of the Nasik hospital in India. She explained very vividly the different castes of Indian women, and also told us about some of the patients who had passed through the hospital, in which Elmwood supports a cot.

On April 21, Mr. Laurie, District Manager of the Bell Telephone Company, came to speak to us about the telephone. He brought some moving pictures which showed how much we depend on the telephone, and how it works. "Sea-going telephones" explained the method of communication between ship and land. "Getting together", an animated cartoon, showed the construction of the dial phone.

We greatly enjoyed the lecture on Toc H. given by Mrs. N. K. Edwards on May 4th, of which an account will be found in the Toc H notes.



DRAMATICS

LAST June, 1936, Mrs. Murphy, our dramatics mistress for some years past, left us. While Mrs. Murphy was with us, she gave untiringly of her time and her talents, and it was with great regret that we saw her leave Elmwood. But we are glad to think that we still have her as an Old Girl.

We all take great pleasure in welcoming as our dramatics and dancing mistress, Miss Eason, a graduate of the Ginner Mawer School of Dance and Drama. We should like to offer her our congratulations on winning the cup for the best performance by an actress in the Eastern Ontario Regional Drama Festival.

A slight change has been made in the classes this year. Only the Senior Dramatic Art Class has formally presented a play in the presence of parents and other friends. The plays of the Intermediate and Junior Classes will be produced for the benefit of the school only.

On March 19, 1937, the Senior Dramatic Art Class presented three plays. Of three distinct types, the plays included scenes from Shakespeare's "As You Like It," scenes from "The Lady with a Lamp," the moving play about Florence Nightingale by Reginald Berkley, and Gilbert Marry's translation of "Prometheus Bound."

Because of their varied atmospheres, the three plays gave the classes very valuable training in all phases of dramatic art. Speech, gesture, tempo, all had to be adapted to the mood and tone of the plays, and the necessity for rapid change in character was a good test of dramatic skill.

At Christmas the three houses showed what they could do on their own when they put on the House Plays. Nightingale produced "Archibald Misbehaves", Keller, scenes from "Little Women," and Fry, "The Knave of Hearts," which was judged to be the best.

On May 8, the Toc H Circle of the Lamp put on Arthur Pinero's "The Playgoers," to raise money for the Lady Tweedsmuir Libraries. The play is exceedingly amusing and the performers deserve much credit for the enthusiasm with which they took their parts—and the way in which they kept their faces straight!

Before the end of the year three of the sixth form girls are going to present "X=O" by John W. Drinkwater.



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EXTRAORDINARILY GOOD PERFORMANCE BY ELMWOOD DRAMATIC ART CLASSES

GHREE widely separated periods in the history of the theatre, the Ancient Grecian, the Shakespearian and the modern British, were represented in the annual dramatic production of the senior dramatic art classes of Elmwood school which were presented last evening in the school auditorium before a large and distinguished audience.

The plays selected this year were scenes from the scholarly translation by Professor Gilbert Murray of Aeschylus' Prometheus Bound, scenes from Shakespeare's As You Like It and from Reginald Berkeley's dramatic story of Florence Nightingale, The Lady With A Lamp. All were ambitious for girls yet at school to attempt but each was well interpreted particularly The Lady With A Lamp and Prometheus Bound.

As in previous years, the primary consideration in giving these annual performances is not the enjoyment of the audience—although it was evident last evening that this, too, was achieved to no small extent—but rather that the progress of each pupil in these classes might be shown. To this end, each pupil was given a part and since in some of the plays the parts were fewer than the number of students some of the longer roles were divided. However, since three plays were given last evening, this division was not necessary to such an extent as on previous occasions.

IMPRESSED ON MEMORY

This is the seventh time in as many years that it has been this reviewer's pleasure and privilege to be present at the annual dramatic productions of Elmwood school. Each year, the evening has been one of interest and in each some new note has impressed itself on the memory to carry forward to another year. This year, it was the remarkably fine diction and fire which K. Warner put into the magnificent rolling lines of Gilbert Murray's Prometheus and the lovely interpretation of Berkeley's play.

Although the outstanding young actresses of last year were missed, they having graduated from the school, it was evident that

there were several more ready to take their places, thus fully demonstrating that the standard of artistic and dramatic development achieved in other years is not likely to fall, and that the pupils are receiving a remarkable groundwork in expression which will stand them in good stead in the years to come. Some really excellent performances with a fine sense of the stage were given which not only reflected credit on the performers and their director, Miss Barbara Eason, M.I.M., A.I.S.T.D., but would be very praiseworthy in players of much wider experience.

EXTRAORDINARILY GOOD

The presentations were not perfect. They did not claim to be and indeed could not be expected to be. But they were extraordinarily good, especially when it is remembered that girls in their 'teens had to assume masculine roles. In the first presentation, that from Shakespeare, the chief faults were extreme rapidity of speech, so rapid that in many lines the words were lost, lack of variation in tone and the anticipation of cues. Gestures, too, were not all they might have been. In the story of Florence Nightingale, some of the characters lost the effect of excellent lines by missing proper emphasis. The Greek play was the most difficult and here again one or two did not give full play to the rolling beauty of the language. On the other hand, many fine performances were seen in which expression, diction and appreciation of the possibilities of the roles were outstandingly good.

In the scenes from *As You Like It*, P. Marr, who showed she had the flair for humor, gave an excellent reading of the part of Audrey which brightened up the whole stage. S. Geldert, as Touchstone, had clarity of diction and an appreciation of the role although her gestures were a little mechanical. M. McKinnon, as Phebe, showed understanding and B. McClelland made an attractive Rosalind. M. Parkin's Celia was effective. We also liked the contribution of M. Macfarlane's Corin and R. Rich's William. The costumes were very beautiful indeed.

The *Lady With A Lamp* we liked so much that it made us long to see this play done in full. It has beauty, the lines are clever and although may apply to the politics and world situations of the early years of Queen Victoria's reign, they might with equal point apply to our own day. The play of course tells of the upsetting by Florence Nightingale of the traditions to which young ladies of her day were expected to adhere and of the opposition she encountered in determining to carve out a career for herself. Great figures of the day, notably Palmerston and Herbert, are portrayed and the revolutionary changes which Florence Nightingale was able to effect in the care for the sick and wounded find full expression. The play was an excellent choice and very much worth while.

W. Hooper was the lady of the lamp and gave a very sensitive performance which improved as the play proceeded. She conveyed that impression of efficiency and the will to get things done that Florence Nightingale herself must have had. M. McKinnon's

Lord Palmerston had a splendid quiet dignity and brought out the inner kindly nature of that great statesman of other years. B. Hopkirk gave a really wonderful performance of Mrs. Nightingale who was portrayed as a typical Victorian matron who thought Carlyle much too revolutionary. She had humor, expression and an excellent appreciation of the possibilities of the part. L. McBrien, as Mrs. Herbert, gave an outstanding performance and C. M. Gibson, as Henry Tremayne, was the most gallant of lovers. The remainder of the cast were all good in their respective parts.

Prometheus Bound was a really beautiful piece of work. It tells of the punishment of the god by Zeus, the king of gods, for having shown pity on man and for having given to mortals the inestimable gift of fire. The scene selected showed Prometheus bound to the rock refusing to answer the message of Hermes, Zeus' messenger, and steadfastly awaiting worse punishment.

The excellent performance of K. Warner has already been noticed. To this must be added the Hermes of C. M. Gibson and the work of L. MacBrien as the leader of the chorus, which in true Ancient Grecian fashion interpreted in the dance the emotions of the speakers. Members of the chorus were extraordinarily effective and their movements graceful indeed.

Settings and costumes in all three plays were noteworthy.

SCENES FROM AS YOU LIKE IT (By William Shakespeare)

Duke, living in exile, L. MacBrien; Frederick, his brother, B. Hopkirk; Jaques, G. Hanson; Orlando, P. Milliken; Touchstone, S. Geldert; Silvius and Corin, shepherds, M. Macfarlane and K. Warner; William, a country fellow, R. Rich; Rosalind, B. McClelland; Celia, M. Parkin; Phebe, M. McKinnon; Audrey, P. Marr.

SCENES FROM THE LADY WITH A LAMP (By Reginald Berkeley)

William Nightingale, J. Fleck; Sydney Herbert, G. Inglis; Lord Palmerston, M. McKinnon; Mrs. Nightingale, B. Hopkirk; Elizabeth Herbert, L. MacBrien; Henry Tremayne, C. M. Gibson; Florence Nightingale, W. Hooper; Selina Bracebridge, G. Borbridge; Lady Christabel Deane, P. Marr; Miss Pelt, R. Rich; Mrs. Calder, M. Macfarlane; Lady Heritage, E. McClelland; A Nurse, M. Parkin; Dr. Smith, G. Hanson.

PROMETHEUS BOUND (By Aeschylus, translated by Gilbert Murray)

Kratos (Might), Daemon attendant upon Zeus, G. Borbridge; Hephaestos, God of Fire, J. Fleck; Prometheus, a Titan, giver of fire to man, K. Warner and D. Wardle; Ocean, E. McClelland; Hermes, the winged Herald of the Gods, C. M. Gibson; Chorus Leader, L. MacBrien; Chorus, Daughters of Ocean, the senior dancing class.



HS another school year closes we have to record several events of interest to all music lovers.

At the closing last year, Mr. Puddicombe's gold medal was presented to Genevieve Bronson as the best interpretative player; the silver medal for improvement was won by Elizabeth McClelland, and Pat Spendlove won a special music prize, also presented by Mr. Puddicombe.

At the beginning of this year a group of Mr. Puddicombe's pupils went to a piano recital at the Château, given by Eleanor Bradford, one of his senior pupils; later in the year a few of us went to the Little Theatre to hear Charles Fuller, a clever young Ottawa pianist.

We were very fortunate this year in attending concerts given by well-known artists, among them:—The Toronto Symphony Orchestra; The Don Cossacks Choir; Rudolf Serkin, pianist, Georges Enesco, violinist; and Lily Pons.

We all immensely enjoyed the programme of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Sir Ernest Macmillan. Unfortunately this was the only symphony orchestra that we were able to hear this year, as the Ottawa orchestra has been disbanded.

The school was very kindly invited to the dress rehearsal of "Orpheus," produced by Mr. Percival Price, Mrs. Julia Murphy, and Miss Osborne. This was a most ambitious undertaking, and we hope that it is the first of a series of similar productions.



THE SEA

*I think that I shall never see
A picture lovely as the sea;
The sea that stretches far and wide,
Whose waves lap all the countryside,
Like flashing thoughts, that pass away
Like a fading summer's day.*

*The turquoise seas that toss and roll
With ships who travel to and fro;
With crests of foaming waves that spray
And touch the harbours, ports and bay,
Oh! sea of mine, that God created,
You and I are truly mated.*

—M. McCOLL.

REPRODUCTIONS OF STUDIES BY SOME OF THE ART STUDENTS.



Nancy Riley.



Jane Smith.



Ailsa Mathewson.



Louise MacBrien.



TOP—By Lynette MacBrien, Age 9; MIDDLE—By Janet Edwards, Age 8;
BOTTOM—By Anne Murray, Age 7.



ELMWOOD'S SECOND GENERATION

LEFT—Diana Gill, daughter of Mrs. Gill (*née* Vera Birkett).

RIGHT—Ann Weir, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Weir (*née* Lucy Crowdy).



Prize Photographs by Janet Fleck.



HIIS has been a wonderful year in Art. We have begun to see that the ability to create and appreciate loveliness is given to all.

Miss May has encouraged us to create; to express ourselves in whichever medium suits our personal feelings, and many of us have taken to oils.

During October on fine afternoons Miss May took us out sketching, and we used oils, pastels, or water colours.

We miss Maria Petrucci and Pamela Mathewson very much, and there is a gap in our art classes which only they could fill. One of Maria's canvases, a palette-knife painting of red tulips, was accepted and hung at the Ottawa Spring Exhibition of Arts, and we are expecting great things from her in the future.

Several exhibits of the younger children, from five to ten years, were sent to an exhibition in Toronto, where they were highly commended for their individuality. Several lino-cuts by the Craft-class were also shown at the same exhibition.

The Craft-class greatly enjoyed modelling in clay, which, with Lino-cuts for Christmas cards, filled the first term, while the second term has been given over to the dyeing and working of leather. The school wishes to thank Maria Petrucci, Pamela Mathewson, Louise MacBrien, Jane Smith, and Ailsa Mathewson, for posters which they made during the year for various events.

Miss May has helped tremendously, not only by showing us how to express, on paper or canvas, what we see, but by teaching us to see, as never before, the colours and beauty of nature.

Old Girls' Notes

<i>Patronesses</i>	MRS. H. S. PHILPOT
	MRS. EDWARD FAUQUIER
	MRS. HARRY SOUTHAM
	THE HON. CAIRINE WILSON

HE sixth annual meeting of the Elmwood Old Girls' Association was held at Elmwood on June 10th, 1936.

The following officers were elected for the year:

<i>Honorary President</i>	MRS. C. H. BUCK
<i>President</i>	CAIRINE WILSON
<i>Vice-President</i>	CYNTHIA CAMPBELL
<i>Secretary</i>	BETTY GORDON
<i>Treasurer</i>	JANET SOUTHAM
<i>Dramatics Convenors</i>	SYLVIA SMELLIE NINI KEEFER
<i>Sports Convenor</i>	RUTH MONK
<i>Ottawa Representatives</i>	EDITH BASKERVILLE GENEVIEVE BRONSON ETHEL SOUTHAM
<i>Montreal Representative</i>	JEAN HEUBACH
<i>Toronto Representative</i>	PEGGY WALDIE

On June 9th, a dance was given at the Country Club under the auspices of the Elmwood Old Girls in aid of the Fresh Air Fund. The evening was a great success, nearly a hundred guests attending.

In response to the Red Cross appeal for clothing to send to people in the Western drought areas, the Old Girls made a collection of warm clothes, and on December 8th brought their donations to the home of Cairine Wilson, where a tea and general meeting were held. Many sweaters, socks, jackets, and other garments were donated, besides more than enough money to buy eight pairs of blankets. Montreal Old Girls made a similar collection.

The very lovely wedding of Betty Fauquier and Francis Gill on April 24th was truly Elmwood. The bridesmaids and the mothers of the flowergirls and page were all Old Girls, so that there were two generations of Elmwood represented.

Another very pretty spring wedding was that of Claudia Coristine and Eric Blackburn, at which nearly all the bridesmaids and flowergirls were past or present Elmwoodians.

The Annual Reunion will be held on June 8th, at Elmwood; instead of the usual dance, a play and cabaret performance will be given. The proceeds are to go to the Fresh Air Fund.

OTTAWA

MRS. GORDON-LENNOX was one of the Canadian representatives at the ski-ing championships held at Chamonix.

JANET and ETHEL SOUTHAM spent October in Vancouver. They are now in London, where they went for the Coronation.

JULIA MURPHY has been directing plays with her usual ability. She successfully produced *Laburnum Grove*, the first production of the Drama League this season, and scenes from *Hassan* which she entered in the Drama Festival. She also looked after the staging of *Orpheus*.

SYLVIA SMELLIE is to be congratulated on the costumes for *Hassan* which she designed.

OUR PRESIDENT has been active in the social service world.

OLIVE WILSON has returned from London and Geneva. We are glad that she is back in Ottawa.

ANNA WILSON is studying art in Switzerland.

BETTY CARTER is working in the Bank of Canada.

MAUREEN MACOUN is in the advertising department of the Ottawa Journal.

MARY CRAIG is working at the Carnegie Library.

MIRIAM CRUIKSHANK, having completed her course in Boston, is now doing social secretarial work.

NANCY HAULTAIN is teaching music.

IRENE SALMON is on the editorial staff of the General Board of Religious Education in Toronto.

Since Christmas, HILDA SALMON has been at Elmwood teaching French and Nature Study. She is to be married on May 24th.

ELIZABETH HANSON is studying art in Switzerland. She was presented at Their Majesties' Court in May.

PAT GALT is studying at Abbot's Hill, and ALISON COCHRANE is at Oxford.

MIMI BOAL is in Mexico, where she is rapidly learning Spanish.

LUELLA IRVIN spent the winter in Edmonton.

ELIZABETH KENNY has become a keen enthusiast of curling (with granites!).

BETTY PLAUNT is taking a domestic science course in Montreal.

PEGGY CRERAR and CHRISTINE MCNAUGHTON are studying art with Mr. F. H. Varley.

BETTY HARRIS is the new Regent of the Lady Perley chapter of the I.O.D.E., having succeeded SYBIL DOUGHTY.

RUTH ELIOT is going to Bermuda and afterwards to England this spring.

We congratulate LORRAINE BATE on her splendid performance in *Street Scene*.

MARGARET CARSON, ELEANOR CARSON, ROSEMARY CLARKE, DOROTHY HARDY and JOAN FRASER went on West Indies cruises.

JANET HILL is in training at the Homeopathic Hospital in Montreal.

ALIX CHAMBERLAIN is spending the winter in the South.

GLADYS CARLING is going to Jersey Island in May.

ISOBEL BRYSON is to be congratulated on winning the City and District Badminton title.

Among the Old Girls who have been active in the Badminton Club of Ottawa are: Edith Baskerville, Ethel Southam, Betty Harris, Sybil Doughty, Lilian Gardner, Lilias Ahearn, Nini Keefer, Betty Hooper, Norma Hall, Nancy Toller, Ella MacMillan, Jean Workman, and Betty Gordon.

HYACINTHE LAMBART is doing good work in the Flying Clubs Association.

HELEN COLLINS is doing stenographic work at the Northwestern Mutual Fire Association.

CHARLOTTE BOWMAN is secretary of the National Films Society, and finds her work very interesting.

We welcome MARJORIE BORDEN back to Ottawa after her long absence. We are much interested in her delightful illustrations of Marius Barbeau's books, *Quebec*, and *The Kingdom of Saguenay*.

DOROTHY LAIDLAW and BARBARA FELLOWES are studying at the Lisgar Collegiate.

BETTY SMART is on a trip round the world, and was in London for the Coronation.

HEATHER COLLINS, AILSA GERARD, ESME GIROUARD, and our Secretary are taking business courses in Ottawa.

Elmwood is well represented at the Institut Jeanne d'Arc, where Cairine Wilson, Jocelyn and Rachel White, Joan Dean, Catherine MacPhail and Ruth Hughson étudient le français.

VALS GILMOUR is continuing her studies in sculpture in Paris.

JEAN PERLEY-ROBERTSON and ANNE CREIGHTON are in Brussels.

MARY SALISBURY (née Rosmond) of London visited in Canada last summer, and stayed till the spring.

JANE SMART is at Toronto University.

ELAINE MCFARLANE is graduating this spring from Toronto University.

Mary Malloch, Evangeline Phillips, Sheila Skelton, Katherine Inkster, and Eleanor Clark are representing Elmwood at Queen's University.

BETTY HAMILTON is attending McGill University.

THE HON. MRS. KENNETH WEIR (née Lucy Crowd) came from Scotland for Betty Fauquier's wedding. Her small daughter, Anne, was at school for a week, and brought her mother to prayers one day.

This year's debutantes are: Lilias Ahearn, Joan Carlin, Betty Hooper, Eleanor Leggett, Mary Malloch, Ruth Monk, Ethel Southam, Joan Dean, June White, Lilian Gardner, Peggy Law, Esme Girouard, Alexandra Greening, Virginia Coristine.

MARRIAGES

LORNA BLACKBURN to David Fisher-Rowe. VIVIAN PALMER to John Brophy. ENID PALMER to Stuart Wotherspoon. MOLLY HOUSTON to Marcus McKenzie. BETTY FAUQUIER to Francis Gill. CLAUDIA CORISTINE to Eric Blackburn.

BIRTHS

We wish to congratulate BETTY (Toller) DAVIS on the birth of a daughter. MARYON (Murphy) RHODES, a son. CYNTHIA (Hill) CAMPBELL, a daughter. BETTY (McLachlin) LARSON, a son. DOROTHY (Blackburn) BERTRAND, a son. CATHERINE (Guthrie) WOODS, a daughter.

ENGAGEMENTS

AMY ASHTON to Stephen Bentley Lloyd, of Cheshire, England. MORNA PETERS to Oswald Rotherham, of Louth, Lincolnshire, England.

ISOBEL BRYSON to Guy Peridot.

ISOBEL GRANT to Walter Bennet of R.C.A.F.

HILDA SALMON to Douglas Whatmough, Toronto.



TORONTO OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

JANET BURNS has a new house in Forest Hill Village, (the residential pride of Toronto) and a very attractive young daughter, Joan, so that she is kept busy. She is also a Junior Leaguer.

MABEL (Dunlop) HEES had a prominent part in the Junior League Cabaret. She and her sister Mary expect to go to England this spring. MARY is at present working for Dominion Securities. JEAN has been abroad all winter, with her mother, but they will join Mabel and Mary in London later.

RUTH (Seely) ROBINSON is living here now. She had a son last September.

KITTY GORDON has announced her engagement to Tony Griffin, and the wedding is to take place in June. Very best wishes, Kit.

DEBORA COULSON sang Lucienne Boyer songs in the Junior League show. She has also been busy continuing art and dancing with Boris Volkoff's troupe.

CYNTHIA COPPING is another who will be a June bride. Ian Crookston is the lucky man. While busy with plans for her wedding she still keeps up her social service work, and was also in one of the choruses of the Junior League show.

VIRGINIA COPPING is also dancing in a chorus. She is working very hard at social service work, and has few idle moments. She stopped for a while, however, to take a holiday with MARY KINGS-MILL and her family in Bermuda. Mary is one of the most active workers of the Humane Society. Last year she was a counsellor at Tanamakoon Camp, where not many years ago she was one of the youngest campers.

BETTY DAVISON and BARBARA BARRETT are both at Varsity, which keeps them very busy.

ELAINE and MARION ELLSWORTH are both at the Monkey Club in London. Marion was presented at Court this spring. They are both returning later to spend the summer in Muskoka.

BARBARA BROWN and MARY BAKER are Junior League provisionals. Barbara works at both the Sick Children's and the General Hospitals. Mary is studying music and dancing.

MARY PALMER has returned from three months at the Fanny Farmer School in Boston, where she took a domestic science course. At present, she is busy with the Humane Society.

ESMÉ THOMPSON is at the Ontario School of Art, and liking her work, we hear. During the spring she and her mother went for a southern cruise.

MONA MORROW and HELEN MURDOCH are both at school in London. Mona was presented at Court. So was PEGGY McLAREN, who is at Les Fougères, Lausanne. Peggy and her brother had wonderful Christmas holidays ski-ing in Switzerland, her family report.

MEDORA BRITTON is another Junior Leaguer, and spends her recreation time in bowling and playing badminton.

BARBARA KENNEDY was on a Mediterranean Cruise, and is still abroad with her grandmother.

—PEGGY WALDIE.



MONTREAL

RUTH CREIGHTON is studying at the Barnes School of Art.

ANN COGLIN is painting in the Art Gallery and doing Junior League work.

JANET DOBELL and ANNA MACKAY are both debutantes and also provisional members of the Junior League.

MARGO GRAYDON is a debutante, but also does charity work at the Griffin Town Club, and takes sewing and cooking lessons.

HELEN MACKAY and MARY LYMAN are both members of the Junior League, and are taking lessons in cooking. PAMELA WILSON and JANE RUSSEL, who are debutantes, are also studying domestic science.

BETTY HEUBACH, a provisional member of the Junior League, is taking sewing lessons.

Congratulations to HAZEL Ross (Quebec) who took her Trained Attendant's course at Miss Parker's School of Nursing, coming fourth in her final exam.

MARGARET SYMINGTON is working in the Junior League and is treasurer of the Protestant Infants' Home.

PRUDENCE DAWES is continuing her study of sculpture.

BETTY BROWN is still working in her dress designing course.

MHAIRI FENTON is in England studying economics, theory of government, languages, and music. She travelled in Egypt at Christmas.

MARY LEE PYKE is a provisional member of the Junior League, studies music and singing, and is taking a partial course in English at McGill.

ROSA JOHNSON is taking her fourth year in Arts at McGill, and paid Elmwood a visit this spring.

HARRIET MATHIAS has a position as secretary to Mrs. H. M. Little and her French Luncheon Club.

MARY HAMPSON made a trip to England in September. BARBARA is at school at Quarry Court, Marlow, Bucks.

ROSLYN ARNOLD is to be married on June 12th to Brock Robertson.

MARJORIE McCONNELL is very busy with her delightful family.

JEAN BRODIE is a member of the Junior League.

BEATRICE NORSWORTHY is at school at Westonbirt, Gloucestershire.

BARBARA WHITLEY is at McGill, and has been taking part in the University dramatic work.

MRS. BUCK'S VISIT TO MONTREAL

"Mrs. Buck is in town, and hopes to see us all at tea this afternoon!"

How quickly good news travels. We all knew about it in no time, and were so pleased to think that so many Toronto girls were going to share our pleasure in seeing Mrs. Buck again. Many of them were visiting here to attend Anna MacKay's debutante dance.

When I arrived, there was already a large circle of eager Old Girls surrounding Mrs. Buck. More and more seemed to pour in. We all talked at once, so that poor Mrs. Buck was stormed at with questions, but she bravely endured it all, and had us in fits of laughter over some of the happenings of past and present days at school. We had tea, and heard how Miss Tipple and the girls we knew at school were. And so ended a very pleasant visit. Now we look forward to the next one.

—JEAN HEUBACH.



LIMERICK

There was a young girl named Ramona,
Who went out in her new silk kimona,
A policeman went by,
Who gave her an eye,
And said, "Hi, you'll catch the pneumonia."

—GAYE DOUGLAS.

WRITE ON ANYTHING

WRITE on anything," Kay cried desperately as she ran after her next victim.

I have to write on "anything" for the mag., and as paper is the only thing that I can think of to write on —here goes.

I wonder what we could do without paper. I suppose we should still be leading donkeys around, laden with clay tablets, in order to move any written document, if it were not for this most useful of materials.

Ah, but that is not all. What would the poor Japanese do with no paper to make their houses? And the Chinese? They could not make rice paper if they did not know how. I suppose that the Chinese could eat the rice, but there is no getting away from the fact that the Japanese would be houseless; and besides, it is far more interesting to watch a Chinaman using rice to make paper, than it is to watch him eating the rice.

Think, too, of the motion picture industry. How could an actor show agitation, or fear, if it were not by fumbling with a cigarette, or shakingly lighting one? If it were not for paper they would probably have to be provided with pipes, and there is no doubt that it would be harder to fumble with a pipe, and more expensive to crush one. The thought of expense immediately makes us think of money, but not of what money is made of. After all, except for paltry change, is not money made of paper? Gold, of course, is too precious to handle, so without paper we would probably carry two bricks, instead of two dollar bills.

There is, however, the nice side of the situation also. Think of the change there would be in the meaning of that age old sentence, "Did you get help with your home work." No longer would it mean that 'big brother' had helped you with the working out of some intricate homework problem, but rather that he had helped you lead your heavily laden donkey to school,

and

We should not have to write for a school mag.,
but

that would mean no mag. to read, so I guess that we are better off as we are—with paper.

A. MATHEWSON.



MY HOME

"My home is a large hollow tree", said the squirrel. "My home is a burrow under the ground", said the rabbit. "My home is in the trees", said the birds all together. "And my home is in a kennel", said the dog.

So all the homes were complete. The squirrel was living with his cousin Mr. Squirrel in another tree in the woods near a river.

—BABS SOPER, AGE 8.

HISTORY FOR THE UNHISTORICAL

*King Arthur was a noble king who lived at Camelot;
He had a suit of armour and was always on the spot;
On Christmas Day he'd never dine,
Or even drink a stoup of wine,
Before he'd had a chance to show a villain what was what.*

*The Queen was lovely Guinevere, the fairest of the fair;
Each day that she went walking, she would see the people stare.
She said, "It is an awful bore;
I can't think what they do it for."*

But she never drew the curtains round her royal sedan chair.

*Old Merlin was the wizard, and authority on spells;
He knew the most effective charms, or so our history tells.*

*He'd turn a knight into a mouse,
He'd make a barrel seem a house,
And thinking of his mysteries my very marrow jells!*

*Sir Lancelot du Lac was one day riding to a joust,
When the Lily Maid of Astolat by love was much reduced;
She left the web, she left the loom,
She took three paces through the room,
And scandalised the courtiers with her tresses all unloosed.*

*Sir Gawain was the noblest and the grandest of the gang;
Whene'er he strode along the street the air with plaudits rang.
Each week he made himself a list
Of villains who would not be missed,
And on Saturdays the chroniclers his great achievements sang.*

*Sir Galahad the Pure was a laddie without guile;
The gentlemen admired his pluck, the ladies loved his smile;
But Arthur thought 'twas past a jest
When Galahad led all the rest
To seek the Holy Grail, and left him lonely for a while.*

—M.F.M.

SLIPPERY AND HORRIBLE

 HATE clams. I have eaten them only once, but the sensation I had while swallowing the first clam, is a memory that will always linger—that horrible, slippery, sliding feeling!

I hate clams.

They are so much unlike other foods that I enjoy. You can't chew them, and they are too large to swallow whole. Some people seem to be able to do away with them quite neatly, and without any effort. Oh, if only I knew their secret!

And then the implements, and various sauces are so difficult to manage. First of all you must successfully harpoon the clam, with a long and slender fork; and then gently, but firmly extract it from the shell, being sure not to give any sudden or unexpected jerks that might cause you to send all the other creatures all over the table (and floor). After this, you dip your catch into the various sauces, and then, if you are clever enough, you pop it into your mouth.

Those of you who read this, and are expert clam-eaters, will probably think that this is rather stupid—however, I can't help that, because I hate clams.

CLARA MAY GIBSON, VI ARTS.

**AUTUMN EVENING**

*The mist falling, and a lonely quiet
Over all the hills—the grey haze
Deadening sound, and shrouding
The distant fields in gloom.
A cow-bell rings, its treble note
Muffled, 'till it sounds low and vague
Fading into silence. The hills look remote,
Like shadowy sentinels, palled in grey,
Brooding over dim and tranquil meadows,
Their summits veiled in smoky clouds
That hang low, burdened with autumn rain.
The ground is sodden, and blanketed
With fallen leaves, which lie faded and crushed,
Pressed almost to pulp by the tread of men
And the heavy rain; the sun has set
Long ago, and the pallid moon
Makes a yellow blot on the leaden grey,
The only sign that it is there at all.
The hush deadens, not a leaf moves,
And the hollow note of the church-bell
Tolls a mournful dirge for the summer
That is gone.*

—A. BETHUNE.

TOC H



LAST autumn, about twenty senior girls formed a Circle of the Lamp to study the spirit and ideals of Toc H. This unusual name is the Army Signalling term for Talbot House.

To those who are interested in it, and to those who know nothing of its Fellowship and Service, we offer here an explanation of what Toc H is, of how it was founded, and of its aims and ideals.

In 1915, the Rev. P. B. Clayton came as Chaplain to the British regiments at rest at Poperinghe, a typical small Belgian market town.

He is affectionately called 'Tubby' by devoted members of Toc H. Tubby and the Rev. Neville Talbot, son of the Bishop of Winchester, realized the need for a rest house—"a place where every man might find rest, refreshment, and recreation of body and soul," after the rigours of warfare. Together, the two men leased a house in Poperinghe to serve this purpose. It was eventually called "Talbot House" to commemorate the heroic services rendered by Neville's younger brother, Gilbert, who died leading his men in a hopeless counter-attack after the German liquid-fire attack at Hooge. To all soldiers, of no matter what rank, Talbot House said, "Come in here—and remember home."

So, from that small beginning, our present Toc H was built, four years later.

Toc H is *not* an ex-servicemen's club—though it does hold sacred the memory of the "Elder Brethren". It is a movement which challenges youth to build for peace. Its objects are to preserve among the men, women and youth of the day, and to transmit to future generations, the traditions of Fellowship and Service set by all ranks in the Great War; to encourage its members to seek God, and to help them find His will and do it; to put away class consciousness; to teach the joy of service.

Its resolutions are to think fairly; to love widely; to witness humbly; to build bravely.

Service in Toc H is voluntary. It is definitely a Christian movement, and embraces all doctrines, encouraging each member to live up to the ideals of his own creed. Toc H seeks to help, not to supplant, the work of the churches and social service clubs, for it represents the Christian attitude towards life.

The League of Women Helpers in the Family of Toc H consists of over one hundred and forty branches scattered all over the world.

We were very proud when Mrs. Buck became a full member of L.W.H. It was through her that we first heard of Toc H; she has followed its development closely for many years. Her keenness

and understanding in forwarding this movement earned for her the distinction of being asked to become a member of the Eastern Canada Regional Council of the L.W.H.

In our meetings, which are held once every two weeks, we discuss the aims and ideals of Toc H, and try to practise them not only among ourselves, but anywhere we may go or be. We keep in touch with various groups of the movement—here and abroad. We do as much reading as possible, and we carry on the practical side of our work by making articles of clothing for the unfortunate. We deviate from the serious side to sing songs and play games; the meeting ends with a prayer, and then—refreshments. One verse of our Hymn of Light, because of its simplicity and beauty, we have printed here. Toc H is in its every line:

“O Light of Light, who givest also laughter,
Master of Men, Who settest servants free,
We build Thy House for them that follow after,
Serving the brethren in service unto Thee.”

Before we start each meeting, we have our “Ceremony of Light,” conducted by one of our members. We stand in a semi-circle, the candle in its copper holder throwing a glow of light upon us, and remember in prayer and silence the Elder Brethren—those who died in the Great War, and those who by their work or in any other way have served to inspire us. We are very proud of our present lamp, which we made ourselves, hammering copper and thumbs indiscriminately. We hope to obtain a rush light soon.

We have had many interesting guests at our meetings. Major Hepburn, the first Padre to visit us, gave us a splendid talk, interspersed with a wealth of good stories. Padre Holmes came in November, and his talk on the spirit of Toc H brought us into real touch with that wonderful fellowship. Mr. Jackson, Regional Secretary, was a very welcome and helpful visitor. We were much amused by his account of early days in Canada, and deeply moved by his stories of self-denial and service. Mrs. E. F. Newcombe gave us an interesting talk on the work of the V.O.N. We also greatly enjoyed the evening Mrs. Killick, secretary to His Excellency, spent with us, and inspired by her, we have collected books and put on a play and tea to raise funds for the Lady Tweedsmuir Prairie Libraries. So far, we have been able to send over two hundred books and forty dollars to Her Excellency to be forwarded to the West—especially to Saskatchewan, and the little town of Estevan. Mrs. Davies, the Regional Pilot of L.W.H. for Eastern Canada, told us about the Circle of the Lamp at St. Lambert's girls' school.

We have just had the pleasure of a visit from Mrs. N. K. Edwards. Her work has been so valuable that she has been made an honorary member of the Headquarters Staff of Toc H in London. She is now on her way home from a tour during which she visited branches of Toc H in many parts of the world. We are deeply grateful to her for the interest and understanding she showed in our work. Her great charm of manner and delightful personality won us all, and during her all too short stay with us her talks proved

exceedingly helpful, much more so than she might perhaps believe. She told us of various ways in which we could conduct our meetings. Her own example of service and self-denial moved us more than we can tell, and gave us new insight into the work of Toc H.

There is not room here to say more. The Circle can grow larger—we hope to see it grow in strength and goodwill in years to come. We open it with joy and confidence to newcomers—may there be many of them; to those who must leave our group, but not the Fellowship, we wish the best of luck and happiness.



WE THREE AT THE ZOO.

*Mother had said we all might go,
To visit the Zoo for an hour or so,
So off we went all three,
Annabelle Catherine, Bobby and me.
When we reached the gate and paid our fare,
I led the three to see everything there;
Then, Bobby said, "Let's go see the lion
I liked so much, just one more time."
I agreed and we soon reached the cage,
Where Bruno was roaring in a horrible rage.
"Poor lion," said Bobby, "do you think he would care,
To have someone comb and brush his hair?"
"He wouldn't mind some people, I guess,
But I'd like to see you comb his golden tress."
"You would? All right." And in he went,
As if he were walking into a circus tent.
"Come back," I cried, "you bad little boy,
For that lion is real; he's no gentle toy."
But Bobby calmly combed his hair,
While the lion lay quiet—didn't seem to care.—
At last with much coaxing and much of force,
Like trying to move a stubborn horse,
We got Bobby started for home and bed,
With wonderful thoughts afloat in his head.
So that was the end of the hour at the Zoo,
My it was tiring; don't you think it was too?*

—SUZETTE BOURINOT.

A CHRISTMAS TREE

 CAME home on Christmas Eve, at about six o'clock, after finishing the last of my Christmas shopping. Great flakes of snow were falling softly, and the glow of the street-lights through the whiteness lent added beauty to the scene, which looked like a picture on a Christmas Card.

As I opened the door a sharp, fresh smell floated to my nostrils. I entered the softly-lighted, warm, and beautifully furnished living-room, and what a lovely sight greeted me! A stately, graceful Christmas tree stood in one corner of the room. My first impression of it was that it was almost living, so breathtakingly beautiful did it seem. The box in which it stood was draped with a Union Jack and around the bottom of it lay many presents. The lights on the tree shed their soft glow on the green, satiny needles, and made them shine so that it seemed as if fairy hands must have polished them one by one with some magic polish. The icicles and tinsel glistened and shone in the radiant light, and the silver balls with their sometimes rosily pink, and sometimes yellow, and blue, and green centres of all different shapes and sizes, sparkled and gleamed enchantingly; they looked so fragile and dainty that it made one think that if they were touched with even one finger they would break into millions of tiny pieces as if shattered with an arrow from a fairy bow. Also there were tiny bells, making one think of Santa Claus driving over the house tops in his sleigh on Christmas Eve with presents for children all over the world, and bells keeping merry time to the sound of his reindeer's hoofs.

My eyes travelled over the bewitching sight until at last they reached the top of the tree. There, at the very pinnacle, was a star of tinsel framing an angel's face. Somehow, inadequate though it was, it reminded one of that other star, which long ago had guided three men to Bethlehem to worship at the feet of a little child who was The King.

—W. CROSS, AGE 13.



IF

(*Apologies to Rudyard Kipling*)

*If we could go without our shirts and still not catch a cold,
And go wherever we wanted to and not have Miss Tipple scold;
If we could all be officers with never a duty to do,
But go and do what we wanted to, the whole day through.
If we could go for a whole year, without ever getting a mark,
And if we ever wanted to, just take a stroll in the park.
If we could talk in the cloakroom and each have a radio too—
The school would be a terrible place for both of us, me and you.*

—SUSAN KENNY,
—BEATRICE BLACK.

ENEMIES

 HAVE never witnessed such a scene as that of the battle between a skunk and a porcupine.

We were on a canoe trip in Algonquin Park and had landed at one of our portages. We were walking through the woods, our packs on our backs, paddles in hand, and singing as we went. We had not gone very far when one of the girls cried out, "Does anyone smell a skunk? 'cause I do".

"I do too," said another girl.

"So do I", said another. Suddenly not more than fifteen feet ahead of us, a skunk emerged from the thicket, and to our horror on the opposite side of our path a porcupine stood confronting him. They stopped, glared at each other; the skunk's eyes looked as though they were about to pop out of his head; the porcupine's quills were practically on fire. We all stopped to watch the imminent fight between two animals so different.

The battle did not last long. Both animals charged; they seemed to be going around in circles; all we could see was a black mass. The sand was flying around; the woods re-echoed with their yelps. We were very nearly overcome by the odour, when finally victory was won. "Porky" was the winner. Proudly, but rather annoyed, he walked away, leaving his enemy the skunk, with his whole body pierced with quills, to die.

—GLORIA VAUGHAN.



ENGLAND

*Land of the thatch-roofed cottage,
Land of the storied past,
Land of the vines and castles,
Whose fame will ever last.*

*Land of our best tradition,
Our highest hopes and aims
To our country's guide and leader
Our fealty ever claims.*

*We, her faithful children,
Born on a distant strand,
Yearn with ever a heartache,
"For that green and pleasant land."*

*This land across the ocean,
Where tolerance is great,
Who loves not—knows not England,
Who knows her—cannot hate.*

—WINSOME HOOPER.

MON PETIT CHIEN

J'avais un petit chien. C'était un cadeau de Noël. Quand on me le donna il était très petit et avait les poils noirs. C'était un terrier écossais très intelligent. Nous jouions ensemble toujours et quand j'allais à l'école il me suivait.

Je vais au camp en été et Dougie—c'est son nom—aussi avec moi. Je le voyais une fois par jour. A dîner il venait à moi pour son dîner, et quand je me couchais il dormait au pied de mon lit. Il chassait les écureuils tous les jours, nageait et jouait avec les autres chiens. Quand j'allais en pirogue ou à la voile il m'accompagnait et s'asseyait dans le bateau avec ses petites pattes pendant au bord du bateau.

Dougie resta avec moi pendant trois ans, mais quand je vins à Elmwood il fut tué par une automobile. Ce fut la fin, la triste fin, de Dougie.

—G. VAUGHAN.



BÜCHER

(Eine Übersetzung von dem englischen Gedicht *Boo's*, von Emily Dickenson)

Es gibt kein Vollschiff wie ein Buch,
Uns zu fernen Ländern tragen,
Und auch kein Rennpferd wie ein Blatt
Von sich bäumenden Gedichten.

Diese Reise kann der Ärmste
Ohne viele Gelder machen;
Wie sehr sparsam sind die Kutschen
Die, die Menschenseelen tragen.

FRÜHLING

(Eine Übersetzung von *Hepaticas*, von Archibald Lampman).

Bäume sind bis zu innerstem Marke
Von Sonne erreicht.
Rotkehlchen ist hier und Schwalbe:
Frühling beginnt.

Vorbei sind der Schlaf und die Stille
Die Blumenblätter,
Der Erde Augenliden, enthüllen
Die vielen Augen.

MARGARET L. PARKIN, VI UPPER.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A BUSY JENNY WREN

GARLY one morning, just as the sun was beginning to appear, anyone watching the little bird-house fastened to the clothes-line pole in the garden of a certain house would have seen a very little head poking through the doorway. This very little head belonged to the very little body of one of the hundreds of Jenny Wrens who live in this country. This particular Jenny was quite an unusual bird. It is true she looked exactly like any other wren—small and brown with a funny little tail that stood quite erect and bobbed when she hopped.—But all the same she was unusual,—for she was bringing up two families. Nine hungry mouths to feed is a task that many a human being would shrink from but Jenny was tackling it bravely. For when that horrid little Sonny Smith had killed the poor little wren who lived in the tree across the road with his air-gun, what was one to do? Jenny had known the nest was there and she had also known that there were four little birds in it who would die without food. So she was looking after them, and a big job it was. Of course Mr. Wren helped her but he stopped to sing so much. Jenny was sure she did twice as much work as he.

So on this morning she hopped out and stood on the little round stick which was her front verandah, and surveyed her surroundings. Already her five children were making themselves heard, so she set off on her hunt for fresh bugs for their breakfast. She knew where there were some very excellent ants which crawled unheeded over a certain peony bush in a near-by garden. Four or five times she flew from this bush to her house and back again till she was satisfied that the little birds were happy.

Then she went over to the wire on which her husband was perched singing a most beautiful aria to greet the new day. She told him to look out for a suspicious-looking tom-cat who had been seen in the vicinity by one of her acquaintances. And then she went to feed the four little orphans. By this time those young things were nearly shrieking their heads off and for many minutes Jenny was too busy to think. When finally the little birds were quiet she went over to a nice sheltered tree where she could ponder in peace. She was very worried; for her wards would soon be old enough to leave the nest and she knew that she and Wren could never manage to look after both families then. While she was thus meditating, another little wren flew onto the branch where she was. The new-comer was looking most dejected and she soon told Jenny a sorry tale. It seemed that, already a widow, she had now been made doubly unhappy because a crow had eaten her four precious little eggs, while she had been foraging for her breakfast. Then Jenny had an idea. Perhaps her new friend would adopt the orphans! When she had explained the situation, she was delighted to find that the unhappy little stranger would be glad to look after the motherless birds. So Jenny took her to the little nest where they lived and then went home with the good news.

After lunch when the Wren family were taking their after-noon siesta they were suddenly awakened by the screeching of another pair of wrens who lived nearby. The elders quickly flew to their neighbours' home for that kind of language meant only one thing—Cat! Soon three other song-birds, on hearing the noise, had also rushed to the rescue, and there, sure enough, was a Cat. He had come creeping up to the tree where the nest was hidden but before he could begin to climb it he had been spotted and was soon sent on his way. No cat likes the look of an angry bird and when half-a-dozen of them start darting at him, with their sharp little beaks pointed toward his eyes, he generally decides that he has an urgent appointment elsewhere and off he goes. Such was the case with this murdering marauder and he departed very hurriedly, leaving some exceedingly wrathful birds chattering after him.

Now it was time for Mr. and Mrs. Wren to feed their children again. But after the cat scare Mrs. Wren remained on guard while Wren did the work.

The sun was slowly dropping down toward the horizon and all the birds in the neighbourhood hurried to their homes. The sun is, to all birds, a clock, which can never change its time and—they know that when it disappears, night is at hand. And so Jenny Wren, with a flip of her little tail, wiggled through her front door for the last time that day and went to sleep, to dream of that Bird-land Paradise which is free of all cats and crows and where bugs grow on every blade of grass.

BARBARA HOPKIRK.



HERB ROBERT

*Little Herb Robert bright and small
Leads the way to the fairies' hall;
Pretty blue flowers chiming like bells,
Dance and skip in his bedtime dell.*

—PAT ARCHDALE, AGE 9.



*Robin, Robin, Redbreast,
Make your nest of hay,
Ask your little nieces,
And your friends to stay.*

*Robin, Robin, Redbreast,
I must say goodbye,
For you are very getting very old
And soon you will die.*

—PAT ARCHDALE, AGE 9.

WHAT I LIKE TO HEAR

 LOVE to hear the cutting of a sharp skate on ice, the crackling, crunching, sound of walking on sheer, rubbery ice.

I like the sound of cream poured on rice crispies, of the skipping of stones on water, and of horses' hooves on pavement.

I like sitting in a nice cozy chair, listening to the crackle of the fire and the pit pat, pit pat, pit pat of rain on the misty window-pane.

I love to hear the phantom, hollow cry of a train echoing out into the cold, crisp night, the gurgle of water in a tank as it runs out into a cup.

I like the humming, soothing noise of a cruiser engine, and the lapping of foamy waves on a beach.

But best of all, I love the tom, tom, tom, tom, tom, tom, tom, tom of the Indian War Dance, as it echoes out across the treacherous waters.

—N. MARTIN.



WINTER

*Winter is the gayest time
When all the snow is here.
But again when summer comes
It's the best of all the year.*

—JEANE BRYSON, AGE 9.



CHOOSING A CAREER

 AM going to be a fireman". How often we have heard that phrase. Young Johnny, or Billy, or whatever his parents happen to call him, has received a toy fire-engine for his birthday. Completely forgotten now is the whistle which made him say, "I am going to be a policeman", much as the whistle made him forget his ship, at the sight of which he would say, "I am going to be a sailor."

Somehow, however, it seemed different with Bobby Kortsen. Even when he was quite young Bobby had not taken any interest in what was going on around him. He preferred lying watching the fire, to sitting on his rocking-horse, or playing with his many toys. It was not that he did not have enough toys; that is what his parents had thought at first, and they had showered toys of every description on him. He was not ill either, for they had had a doctor in, and he had proved that Bobby was a fine sturdy little fellow; but still he continued to mope around.

"He is going to be an artist," Great-aunt Bessie said disgustedly. (She had just been to see the movie-picture Rembrandt.)

"Oh no!" Aunty Lisbeth cried, who was young and not really expected to know, but then she had seen Rembrandt too. "Oh no! Not an artist; a poet!" This last was said in an awed little voice. (She had just been reading Byron's 'Ocean', and had got well out of her depth).

Bobby did not really seem to mind much what they thought he would be; he just continued to gaze, in a rapt sort of way, at the new battleship which his father had brought him that night. He paid more attention to his ships than to his other toys, but he did not play even with them; just gazed, and even Great-aunt Bessie began to think that after all he might be a poet as his attempts at drawing could not exactly be called art.

He was always good, and did exactly what he was told, but still he kept that dreamy way. He never told anybody what he wanted to be, and if asked he would vaguely murmur something about 'wonderful,' and 'sea,' and 'ships,' and then quickly change the subject. This was attributed by his parents to his artistic temperament, and they began to hope that he might even be an artist, as well as a poet.

They began to worry about Bobby's future when he was expelled from a most exclusive art school, and when three tutors of English left, one after the other, because his 'poems,' as his family wanted to call them, just were not poems.

Then on the day after his sixteenth birthday they found out what Bobby Kortsen, son of James D. Kortsen, head of the J. Kortsen Baked Bean Co., was going to be. He had gone. Run away. On his dresser was the following note:

I have run away;
I have joined the navy;
I am going to stay
Where they don't eat gravy.

I sail from a port nearby,
(I have probably sailed by now)
So I won't hear you sigh
And I won't get in a row.

From Bobby the Gobby.

And all around the edge of the note ran figures of sailors, and pictures of ships, which Great-aunt Bessie described as "Proof of a waste of money on a sailor, as I always said he would be."

—A. MATHEWSON.



SANTA CLAUS

*Santa Claus comes this year,
Coming with him are all his deer
And with him he brings good cheer
And a big sack of toys.*

—JEANE BRYSON, AGE 9.

A DAY IN THE MOORS BY LOCH LOMOND

CARLY in the morning when the sun is just rising the shepherd collects his flocks and leads them to the moors. It is still very quiet and nothing can be heard but the shepherd's shrill whistle and the stamping of many little hoofs through the village streets.

The grass is still wet with dew and the birds are just beginning to leave their nests.

The sheep go along a winding path where on each side the purple heather grows. The lovely sea breeze blows as the waves roll in the loch. At last, after walking some distance they come to the pasture where the sheep graze each day. The shepherd sits on the grass and when one little lamb goes astray he whistles and it returns to the rest of the flock.

When noon comes he has his lunch and when the sun begins to set returns home.

It is late this afternoon when he returns home and the sun has already gone to rest. As he enters the village street the stars twinkle in the sky.

He is tired and glad the day has come to a close, after his long hours in the moors by Loch Lomond.

—SARAH E. G. WALLACE
Age 13.



MY DOG

*My dog's name is Laddie,
He just loves to roam
But, when he feels hungry
He soon comes home.*

*He follows me to school
But, he's no scholar
For, he wallows in the pool
And gets a muddy colour.*

*But to him a very unwelcome day
Comes every now and then;
He gets into a worried way
When a bath he has to attend.*

—NORMA WILSON, AGE 11.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE

GWO years ago, in 1935, was celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of the publication of the first complete Bible in English, the Coverdale version. But this was not actually the first translation to have been made, for in 1382 John Wycliffe's English New Testament had begun to circulate in manuscript. It met with the disapproval of the authorities, however, and in 1408 the Provincial Council at Oxford prohibited the Englishing of any part of the Bible, and particularly forbade the reading of Wycliffe's version. As a result, England was one of the last European countries to have a Bible printed in the mother tongue.

In spite of this prohibition, William Tyndale also made a translation of the New Testament, but as he was forbidden to do such work in England, he went to Hamburg in Germany to complete his version. He made his translation directly from the Greek, using Erasmus' Greek Testament, which had appeared in 1525. Approximately three thousand copies were printed, and "the invasion of England by the Word of God" began.

This translation was strongly opposed by the Church, and Cardinal Wolsey did everything in his power to prevent its circulation in England. But the most vehement objector was Bishop Tonstall, who declared that he had found no fewer than two thousand errors in the book. Through contributions from the clergy, he bought as many copies as he possibly could, and burned them publicly in 1526, with a second batch following in 1530. This, however, left Tyndale undaunted, and he cheerfully said that the sale of the destroyed books had raised enough money to permit a second, corrected, edition to be printed. He had already commenced a translation of the Old Testament, direct from the Hebrew, with the aid of Luther's German translation, and before his execution in 1536, he had finished a good part of it.

Meanwhile, there had been great changes in church affairs in England. Wolsey had been dismissed, the Papal authority had been denied, and Henry had become head of the Protestant Church of England, 1534. In the same year, the Convocation of Bishops petitioned the king to have the Bible translated into the vulgar tongue, by scholars of his majesty's choice.

Before this petition was even thought of, however, Miles Coverdale had been working on a translation, and in 1534, when Archbishop Cranmer was still looking for able scholars to do the great work, a complete English version of the Bible was published on the continent. Coverdale based his translation on the Latin, Dutch and German versions, with some reference to Tyndale, but he obtained the greater part from the Dutch. Where his work was printed is unknown.

Henry's frequent marriages made things rather awkward for the printer, and copies of the first edition often have varying title pages. The very earliest ones were dedicated to "the most victorious Prynce and our moost gracyous soueraygne Lorde,

Kynge Henry the Eygth", praying that "the multiplicacyon of sede which God gaue unto Abraham and Sarah his wyfe, be geuen unto you, moost gracyous Prynce, with your dearest just wife, and moost vertuous Pryncesse Quene Ane." But the Bible was still in the printer's hands when the Queen was beheaded, and so in some copies the printer has just written a "J" before "Ane", to spell "Jane", the name of the king's new wife. The volume consists of 586 leaves, and contains 112 wood-cuts. The title page represents scenes of the Fall, Moses receiving the Tables of the Law, Jesus' last charge to His disciples, His Resurrection—and at the bottom of the page, Henry VIII seated on his throne, presenting the Bible to a group of kneeling prelates.

Coverdale's Bible, though freely circulated, was never licensed. The translation which received that distinction was the one known today as the Matthew Bible, printed in 1537.

—CLARA MAY GIBSON, VI ARTS.



THE SOLDIER

*"You've put your hand to the plough, my lad,
You've started the game; you're gay and glad,
But—there's no looking back,"
They said.*

*Marching along through the mud and rain,
The bugles are sounding again and again,
But, "There's no looking back,"
They said.*

*Out at the front while the smoke of a gun
Covered the weary and sickened sun,
"There's no looking back,"
He said.*

*The troops advanced, and shot and shell
Shrieked above like a fierce death-knell,
Still—"There's no looking back,"
He said.*

*Peaceful at last, he falls and lies
On a mound, his face turned to the skies.
Now "There's no looking back,"
He is dead.*

—A. BETHUNE.

THE MATTHEW BIBLE

GXACTLY four hundred years ago, the first licensed Bible, called the Matthew Bible, made its appearance in England.

London booksellers saw in the large sale of the translations of Tyndale and Coverdale a new and profitable line of business, and it was their wish to reap something from this that accelerated the advent of the Matthew Bible.

In 1537, the firm of Richard Grafton and Edward Whitechurch had a regular-sized folio with double columns and black lettering printed at Antwerp. It was an English translation based on the works of Tyndale and Coverdale, and its author was Thomas Matthew, alias John Rogers, a very close friend of Tyndale's. Three of the early copies of this Bible are on show in the British Museum, and it may be observed that there are marginal notes throughout both Testaments. These are John Roger's own particular work, and do not appear in other translations.

Before presenting the book to the public, it was considered desirable to obtain a license which would make it possible for anyone to read it without fear of punishment; consequently Archbishop Cranmer wrote to Cromwell asking him to show it to the King, and to endeavour to get his sanction. This Cromwell did, and nine days later sent word to Cranmer that he had been successful. The Bible was dedicated to the King's grace, and shortly afterwards was published. No formal ecclesiastical consent was asked with regard to the licensing, but the Bishops signified their approval by saying that it was the best translation they had read.

The Matthew Bible has several unusual features which differentiate it from the Authorized Edition. Psalm XCI reads, "So that thou shalt not nede to be afraied for anye bugges by nyghte, nor for the arrow that flyeth by day". For this reason it is often referred to as the "Bug" Bible. In sixteenth-century England the word "bugge" meant "terror", so that the meaning of the sentence is therefore the same in both Editions. Also, in the Matthew Bible the Song of Songs is called the Ballet of Ballets. To the Passage in 1 Peter iii that reads, "To dwell with a wyfe accordinge to knowledge," John Rogers has added the following note:—

"And yf she be not obedient and healpful unto hym, endeavoureth to beate the feare of God into her heade, that therby she may be compelled to learne her diutie and do it."

John Rogers was a family man if ever there was one, for he had ten children of his own. Whether this had anything to do with the above advice it is difficult to say.

The Matthew Bible forms the foundation of the text of the one used today. A revised edition was brought out in 1539, but it was changed in only a few minor details.

—KATHLEEN WARNER, VI ARTS.

THE ACCIDENT

(With apologies to Alfred Noyes)

The wind was howling fiercely around the Park Drive trees,
The moon was scarcely visible and shone as tossed on seas,
The road was a ribbon of ice over a frozen moor,
And the Cadillac came rolling —

Rolling—rolling—

And the Cadillac came rolling up to the apartment door.

The man had a hat on his forehead, and a white silk scarf at his chin,
And clothes of very fine making and a cloak that was very thin;
They fitted with never a wrinkle, the best that money could buy,
And he came with a jewelled twinkle,
His tie-pin was a-twinkle,
A diamond ring a-twinkle under the threatening sky.

Up the driveway he hurried and into the very dark yard,
And walked right through the door for it was never barred;
And as he entered the house, who should be waiting there
But the millionairess' daughter,
A very lovely daughter,
Sitting and listening to music playing over the air.

They hurried from the apartment and into the car they got,
They sat for a minute in silence, then out of the yard they shot;
They had not gone a great distance when the car began to skid;
She looked at the driver with fear and quickly her face she hid;
And then the car was sliding —

Sliding—sliding—

And then the car was sliding over and into the mere.

They did not come in the morning, they did not come at noon;
Their parents began to worry and decided to look for them soon;
All the day they searched over the frozen moor,
At last they found them lying —

Lying—lying—

At last they found them lying by the side of their mangled car.

And still on a dark night they say, when the wind is in the trees,
And the moon is scarcely visible as though it were hidden by seas,
And the road is a ribbon of ice over a frozen moor,
The Cadillac comes rolling —

Rolling—rolling—

The Cadillac comes rolling up to the apartment door.

Up the driveway it hurries and into the very dark yard,
The man goes up to the door for it is never barred,
And as he enters the house, who should be waiting there

But the millionairess' daughter,

A very lovely daughter,

Who is standing and waiting for him, as thin as thin as air.

—B. BLACK.

PEPPING UP THE TIME-TABLE

DURING the second spare on Tuesday I became wearied with my study of German Grammar and fell to musing on the dry-as-dust and uninteresting menu offered us in our daily time-table. What could be less inviting than the prospect of a morning such as this:—

Monday:—1st: Latin
2nd: Literature
3rd: History
4th: Geometry
etc., etc.

Why not stimulate our interest in what is to come in the modern manner by a short preview of the subject. Something that would bring us, bright-eyed with expectation, to the treat in store. To illustrate my idea: think how eager we would be if each morning we should be greeted with something like this:—

Monday:—Latin
“The Face That Launched a Thousand Ships”
Starring:—Helen of Troy

The destinies of two mighty nations held in the hand of a glamorous woman!

and:—Literature
“Murder in the Court of Scotland”

Duncan ruthlessly stabbed while sleeping! Finger of suspicion points strongly towards Macbeth!

3rd:—History
“The Fathers of Confederation”
Held over for second week!

The future of a nation hangs in the balance. Will “The Fathers” sign on the dotted line?

4th:—Geometry
“The Eternal Triangle”

The angles of this gripping problem will remain a mystery until the end and perhaps longer.

etc., etc.

NOTICE to “Time-table Makers”
For further details apply to

PEGGY MARR, FORM VI B.

**A PONY**

*Just a little Pony
In the month of May
Trotting in the Heather
All the sunny day.*

—L. MACBRIEN, AGE 9.

AN UNFINISHED STORY

OHERE she sits, Ming Fee, haughty and fearfully vain, her hair piled and lacquered on her shapely head. Her face is beautifully painted and her expression is filled with ill-temper and disdain. Her robes of brilliant orange and cornflower blue silk are embroidered with gold; from beneath them peep her tiny feet in toeless sandals, they would not carry her half a mile. She is seated under a Japanese pine; before her lies the ocean calm in the afternoon sun, it recedes into purple snow-covered mountains.

Before her with a patient expression on his yellow face, stands a young painter, Hang Fee. Ming's father is the most powerful man in the city and a struggling young artist can't afford to offend such a man, for he is also kind, but his daughter . . . ! May Buddha give him patience to finish her portrait without losing his temper.

Down on the shore a fisherman is gazing out across the blue ocean to where his father's fishing-boat with its blood red sail and strange hull is riding. His clothes are poor, a belted tunic with flowing sleeves and a coolie hat are all he wears. He moves slowly along the shore, idly turning over the stones waiting for his father's return and the job of unloading the fish and spreading the nets to dry.

He is outlined in her view of the ocean! She sits bolt upright, fury flashing in her dark eyes and cruelty showing around her spoilt lips.

"Who is that man, O Hang Fee? She points an accusing finger with a long scarlet nail in the direction of the innocent man. "How does he dare to contaminate my view with his lowliness?"

"He has passed from sight now, most Gracious; will you resume your pose?"

"I will not until the dog is punished," she raves, "how dare he; can he not see that I am here?"

The artist, who has already borne with her a long time, puts down his brushes and gazing at her with distaste, says sarcastically, perhaps at the expense of his career:

"Doubtless if he had he would have run far from this place, fish will not come where shrews are, but I should think it difficult for him to see even your most renowned personage at the distance of a mile when you are nearly hidden from him by a pine tree"!

But nobody knows what happened to either the artist or the fisherman because there aren't any more pictures on my father's Japanese vase.

—LOUISE MACBRIEN

DAWN

*A pale, pale light shines dim in the east,
And the sky is grey,
A cooling wind blows strong from the west,
Then dies away.*

*The light grows clear and the grey rolls back
Showing the blue,
The dawn has come, and another day
Begins anew.*

*The sky is bright, with fingers of gold
Touching the sun,
The birds awake, and the whole earth too;
Now night is done.*

—A. BETHUNE.

**HER LADYSHIP**

HE was beautiful as she stood there before us, her platinum hair blowing in the soft breeze, her purring voice like that of a rippling stream, and her eyes like the reflection of the sky in the water.

She was tall, slim, and stately, and carried herself with the utmost grace and dignity. She was clothed in gleaming white with touches of black, and her skin was the colour of honey. As the great sea breeze swept over her she looked proud, and beautiful, yet without vanity.

We stood on the dock watching her with great admiration; we were hoping that she would fulfill our expectations of her. She waited breathlessly for the flag to drop to start her off upon her first race. We did so hope that she would win, our yacht, "Her Ladyship."

—NANCY LANE.

**THE HAPPIEST ONE**

*The blacksmith works with his tools all day,
The teacher frowns while her pupils play;
The minister calls on, and cares for the poor,
The business man labours with figures and books
While the carpenter hammers his nails into nooks.
But the farmer, Ah! He's the happiest one,
For he lives with nature and helps her along.*

—MACKIE EDWARDS, AGE 13.

HIS DAY IS PAST

HIS is a dying craft. Not so many years ago—but that's another story. Now there is little for him to do, for he has been replaced by a force that is far more powerful than he can ever hope to be—that of electricity. His was a steady job for it depended upon the coming of night. When the lengthening shadows began to mingle with one another, and the soft glow of twilight slowly deepened, he would take his long, slender taper, and set out on his rounds through the streets, stopping at each lamp to light it.

Only in the few rare villages and isolated areas that still remain untouched by modern science, is the lamplighter called upon to perform his humble task. It is one that requires no skill, and the equipment that is used is very primitive, consisting as it does of a single taper to which is attached a small screen that protects the tiny flame from gusty winds. Yet the lamplighter needs a stout heart, good health, and a sturdy spirit, for no matter how treacherous and uninviting the weather, he must go out to lighten the roads for his fellowmen.

But his day is past, and when he takes his leave of this world, his craft will go with him, for there is no place for it in our modern, unromantic scheme of life.

—KATHLEEN WARNER, VI ARTS.



THE BROOK

*As we sat beside the brook,
In our green and shadowy nook,
Rippling and bubbling along it came,
Never stopping but still the same.*

*Chattering and bubbling along
Just like the words of a song;
As the birds sing sweetly in the great oak tree,
Chirping sweetly to you and to me.*

*And when the sun is going to rest
The bird begins to seek its nest,
But the brook still keeps on its steady way,
Rushing to that far off bay.*

—SARAH E. G. WALLACE, AGE 13.

THANK YOU LETTERS!

 HOPE you all remembered your thank you letters," said the thoughtful mistress on duty.

Thank you letters! Oh dear I had forgotten mine. I sat down, took paper and pen and asked, "How should I start—Just a note to thank you very much for — or I want to thank you ever so much for — or thank you ever so much for —?"

"Oh please keep quiet, I want to read," came from the sofa.

I struggled on with everybody's help and finally this is what I had written:

Elmwood,

March 21, 1937.

Dear Mrs. —,

Just a note to thank you very much (I want to thank you ever so much; thank you ever so much) for the lovely (delightful, marvellous) day (afternoon) I had yesterday (Saturday).

The movie (show, theatre) was amusing, (awfully good, perfect, thrilling). I was glad (very glad, extremely glad) to have had the chance (luck, opportunity) to see it.

The swim we had at the Chateau was invigorating (refreshing, delightful) and I enjoyed (liked, loved) it immensely (tremendously, exceedingly).

I think it was awfully kind (very nice, very generous) of you to have me out. Thank you very much (ever so much, tremendously).

Affectionately Yours,
 (Yours affectionately),
 (Very affectionately Yours),
 (Affectionately),
 (Sincerely),
 Susan.
 (Sue).
 (Susan Kenny).

This is the result of having everybody say what I should put and what I should not put. I have decided that it is best to compose your own "thank you" letter, and also that everybody does not read the same book of Etiquette.

—SUSAN KENNY, AGE 13.



*At the Seashore every day,
 Little birdies fly away,
 Up, up, they fly into the sun
 Down again and away they run.*

—JESSIE GILMOUR, AGE 10.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS (REMIND ME OF YOU)

Mrs. Buck—But Definitely.
 Mr. Buck—Pennies from Heaven.
 Miss Mills—You, so much depends upon you.
 Miss Martin—It ain't necessarily so.
 Miss Beckwith—Sing, Baby, Sing.
 Miss Adams—You're Laughing at Me.
 Miss Salmon—Congratulations.
 Miss Powell—Swing It.
 Miss Roger—Auf Wiedersehen.
 Miss Eason—Peter Piper.
 Miss Neal—Lost.
 Miss May—Midnight Blue.
 Miss Rosier—Show me the Way to go Home.
 Mlle Juge—It's De-Lovely.
 Miss Tipple—You can't Pull the Wool over my Eyes.
 Miss Bartram—Tea on the Terrace.
 Miss Heney—I've got Something in My Eye.
 Miss Moore—I'm going to sit right down, and write myself a letter.
 Dean Salmon—Blow, Gabriel, Blow.
 Mr. Puddicombe—I've got a Note.

—NANCY MARTIN.
 —NANCY LANE.



A SPARKS STREET PUZZLE QUESTIONS

1. A famous opera house.	11. A tax-payer.
2. A man between two men.	12. Cooking utensils.
3. The Irishman who takes a chance.	13. The king's counting-house.
4. A kind of flour.	14. Muscular of limb.
5. A famous woman in Canadian History.	15. An automobile's offsprings.
6. A famous painter.	16. Two men in a boat.
7. A kind of melon.	17. Of the carnation family.
8. A famous woman of American History.	18. The spice of life.
9. Satan's at Home.	19. A small European country.
10. One of the three graces.	20. A town in Ontario.

MARJORIE MACKINNON, FRY.

(Answers on page 72)

JOKES

Mlle: Jane! What are you doing?
 Jane: Me? Nothing, Mademoiselle.
 Mlle: Ummn, that is what I object to!!

—SUSAN EDWARDS

* * *

Miss T. to girls: "I am going to look through your clothes to see that nothing needs mending. Yesterday I went through the first floor and periodically I will go through the others."

Miss Mills to one of the girls: "Will you slip down and ring a bell for me, please?"

* * *

G. V. to Miss T.: "When do we get into our trunks?"

* * *

B. B. tasting jam which cooking class made: "It is fairly good when you get into it."

* * *

Miss N. announcing in prayers: "Third form, you'll notice your desks are changed. You'll find them on the board."

* * *

S. K. in History lesson: "Oh, you mean the Turkeys, I thought you meant the Austrians."

* * *

S. K. finding meanings to certain words asks Miss B. "Would you say that a night is twelve hours of the day?"

* * *

Miss Adams addressing girls in Geography lesson; "Now watch your text while I run through the products."

FORM V B.

* * *

Arithmetic pupil:—Then add 4 to the answer and —
 Teacher, prompting:—Yes, do the same for three years.

**PUZZLE**

Answers made up of letters from alphabet which when pronounced will make a word.

Ex.—A kind of vine.....I.V.

QUESTIONS

1. A certain kind of cloth.	6. A vegetable.
2. An Indian abode.	7. A British Admiral.
3. A beverage.	8. Void.
4. A river in England.	9. An insect.
5. A slang word.	10. A girl's name.

Answers on Page 72.

POPULAR SONGS OF ELMWOOD

“I’ve got something in my eye.”
 Then you’d better go to Miss Heney.
 * * *

“One, two, buckle my shoe.”
 Or I’ll be late for inspection.
 * * *

“I’m in a dancing mood.”
 Don’t dance up here girls,
 The plaster is falling in the staff room.
 * * *

“Through the courtesy of Love.”
 Now girls, it’s for your own good we are doing it.
 * * *

We are the Musketeers
 You three AGAIN?(!)
 * * *

“Did I remember to—”
 Hand in my pocket-book?
 * * *

“Dinner for one, please, James,”
 Only at home.
 * * *

“Isn’t it a lovely day?”
 To stay in for a detention.
 * * *

“I get a kick out of you.”
 O, it’s Ching again.
 * * *

“Who’s that knocking at my door?”
 Less noise, girls, less noise or you’ll be separated.
 * * *

“Let’s put our heads together.”
 Joining wood.
 * * *

“Sing, baby, sing!”
 The sixth period on Wednesday.
 * * *

“You are my lucky star.”
 The only red one this year.
 * * *

“The rose that you caress, is willing to die.”
 And so am I, if we stay in this Saturday.
 * * *

“About a quarter to nine.”
 Every body, please go to bed now.
 * * *

“I don’t want to make History.”
 I am sick of it.
 * * *

“I’m free as the wandering breeze.”
 After June the eighth.

—JOYCE TETLEY,
 —CLAUDE WILSON.

AS TIME MARCHES ON

Shirley Geldert

A SPARKS STREET PUZZLE ANSWERS

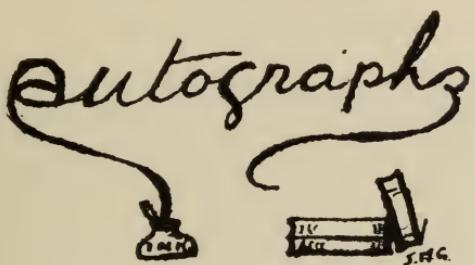
1. Metropolitan.	11. Citizen.
2. Middleman.	12. Bowles.
3. Murphy-Gambles.	13. Royal Bank.
4. Graham.	14. Armstrong.
5. Laura Secord.	15. Karsons.
6. Gainsborough.	16. Fishers.
7. Honey-Dew.	17. Pinks.
8. Evangeline.	18. Variety.
9. Devlin.	19. Belgium.
10. Hope.	20. Lindsay.

MARJORIE MACKINNON, FRY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 70

1.....	P.K.	6.....	P.
2.....	T.P.	7.....	B.T.
3.....	T.	8.....	M.T.
4.....	D.	9.....	B.
5.....	G.	10.....	L.C.

—SHIRLEY GELDERT.



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